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The Week.

On Tuesday eleven States—Massachusetts, Maryland, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Nevada—held elections of various kinds, some choosing only local officers and some choosing a legislature and governor. Kansas voted also, the issue being the acceptance or rejection of the woman suffrage and negro suffrage amendments to the State constitution. Both were rejected, and generally the results may be said to be adverse to the Republican party. In Massachusetts the contest was between the friends of a license law and the friends of a "Maine" law, the latter being generally identified with the Republicans, and the election went against the Prohibitionists. Mr. Bullock was, however, elected governor, but by a majority many thousand smaller than a Republican governor has customarily received of late years. New York goes Democratic by more than 20,000 majority, the Democratic majority in this city being unprecedentedly heavy, the Republican vote having fallen off 8,000. The purely Democratic gain is 5,000. In the country districts the Republican vote is comparatively light. In New Jersey there is a Democratic majority in the Legislature, and the negro suffrage amendment is defeated. It is defeated in Wisconsin also and in Minnesota. The Democratic party is evidently going to be strong enough next year to make it worth while beating them. That their victory this year, if they are defeated next, materially delays reconstruction, we do not fear.

In losing Governor Andrew, Massachusetts suffers a peculiar loss; but the whole country may mourn with her, for the United States has lost a public man of very high character and of great ability, and such have never in any country been so common as that their death can be thought less than a national misfortune. By the report of friends and enemies alike, Governor Andrew was courageous, honest, eloquent, intellectually able, and of rare kindness of heart. He was ambitious, it was said, but it was never said that his ambition sought a lower end than to serve, with honor to himself, causes whose success would be glorious to his country and a help to mankind. He was for twenty years a philanthropist before he began to be a politician. His high

courage, it has been said, made him at times impatient of the weakness of others, and at times even impatient of opposition to his own plans; but his antagonists bear testimony to his uniform charity of disposition; and his public life lay almost entirely in those years of our recent history when to patriotic men delays seemed deadly and lukewarmness in service a thing to be hated as criminal. His sincere honesty was never, and his ability was almost never, impeached even by those who had least knowledge of him and least appreciation of the circumstances in which his lot as a public man was cast. When he, in the very first weeks of his first year of service, began, with a far-sightedness which to some seemed visionary, to make preparations for the impending civil war, he was for a little while, and by a few people, laughed at; but by his action it was that Massachusetts was able to duplicate her Revolutionary history, and in the second revolution also was earliest in the field. This Governor Andrew's fellow-citizens of Massachusetts will not for a long time forget. They ought not, the citizens of every other State will say. For, let it be taken as true that he is the popular hero who ministers to the people's pride, it is true, too, that he is deservedly such who ministers to it by conferring vast public benefits. That Governor Andrew did this is known to all who remember the effect of his example in the beginning of 1861. It efficiently aided in rousing up the Northern States. Of his courageous honesty two recent passages in his life afford conspicuous proofs. When, "in bloodthirsty fear of their lives," a majority of Governor Andrew's constituents were clamoring, as we may say, for the execution of a murderer whose crime was peculiarly atrocious, the Governor, believing that there had been no legal trial, was resolved that there should be no execution; and to this resolution he had the firmness to adhere, though he knew it could be said, and though it was said, that he spared Green, not because it was legally improper to hang him, but because he himself happened to be an enemy of capital punishment. Again, in the late discussion on the expediency of prohibitory legislation, Governor Andrew gave the weight of his name to the doctrine which he believed true, though to do so was to take a course the reverse of popular. Few men who have once been voted for dare to do such things as these. His public life was not long; but it was in many respects particularly fortunate. He succeeded Mr. Banks and was succeeded by Mr. Bullock, and his term of office was coextensive with our five years of war. Then, therefore, it was possible for a governor of Massachusetts to show conspicuously all his powers of administration, his force of character, his large-hearted sympathy with the suffering. His perfect soundness of judgment and his comprehensive grasp of great questions have been, perhaps, more plainly seen since the war ended. Of the great possibilities of his position Governor Andrew was a man able to take advantage, and his reputation and usefulness became national. It is of national importance that his character and conduct as a public man should be emulated; as respects the combination of ability and character which makes a man an admirable servant of the commonwealth and a fit leader of the people, Governor Andrew has not left behind him any one who is to be called his superior.

"W. E." has been assailing General Butler in another trenchant letter in the *Boston Advertiser*, written in a style which shows that there is "a man behind the pen," and an honest man to boot. General Butler takes "punishment," as prize-fighters say, like "a glutton," but the repudiators ought not to impose too much on his powers of endurance. He has given abundant evidence of pluck, and they ought now, as a matter of humanity, to throw up the sponge, and withdraw their man. "W. E." is not only an excellent boxer, but is evidently in fine condition, which the General is not. The views of the latter on

the subject of public morality show clearly that his training has been shockingly neglected. There is no question whatever as to what the Government has given the world to understand about the manner in which the five-twenties would be paid off; and a man who comes before the public with nice little discoveries about "the letter of the law," and nice little plans for cheating the bondholders without seeming to violate the letter, clearly has his moral constitution out of order. "W. E.'s" answer to the question, how a Massachusetts man ought to meet the Western cry of repudiation, is a piece of vigorous eloquence, and of that best kind of eloquence which is inspired by a healthy moral tone and high moral aims. The nation which could hear with equanimity widows and orphans say that it had cheated them, is not a nation in which an honest or high-minded man ought to wish to live or have his children grow up.

Gen. Howard's recommendation, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, that the Freedmen's Bureau be not continued after its expiration by law next July, will surprise those who have been unwilling to believe the Bureau a means and not a political end, or that the love of military authority would not overcome in our commanders the love of country and of civil government. As the commissioner argues, we have, or shall have eight months hence, done all that is necessary or prudent for the freedmen in the way of supplying their material wants and securing them in their labor, their property, and their persons. The military organization which is now engaged in galvanizing Southern society back to life, will undoubtedly be kept up as long as the new class of citizens are in danger of losing the power of self-defence which they have acquired with the suffrage. For that work the Bureau is no longer needed, and its educational function alone, as Gen. Howard points out, deserves to be specially preserved—transferred, it may be, to some other department of the Government—until the reconstructed States have embodied in their constitutions and laws the principle of popular education, after the Northern pattern. For the rest, the expenses of the Bureau have fallen short of the appropriations for its support, and it will be able to maintain itself without further aid up to the time of its prospective dissolution. It may then be said of it that it was one of the most honorable contrivances ever devised by the American people, and, in view of its moral and physical healing of half the country, its repression of fraud and violence, and its encouragement of learning and industry, the most economical.

The proposal to give half a million dollars for the relief of suffering in the South was killed in the House last spring by Messrs. Butler, Schenck, Logan, Stevens, and others—why, nobody could see. It was harder still to see why, when they afterwards allowed to pass a bill under the provisions of which General Howard has expended among the starving in the South the sum of \$441,650. His agents entrusted with the disbursing of the funds have now almost all sent in their reports. From these we learn that Georgia received the largest amount given to any State, namely, \$125,100. South Carolina got \$104,200, Florida but \$1,000, Tennessee \$10,000, Arkansas \$12,000, Louisiana \$21,000, North Carolina \$32,500, Mississippi \$35,000, and Alabama \$86,900. No digest of the reports has yet been made, but they are said to make it plain that about 80,000 persons received rations, some for a few days only and some for months, and that of these 80,000 considerably more than half were white people. 850,000 pounds of bacon were given away and 120,000 bushels of corn. The superintendence of the distribution was given to General Whittlesey, the officer against whom Messrs. Steedman and Fullerton made charges and then ran away. It was put into excellent hands. We believe there has not been a word of complaint of any sort—nothing to detract from the satisfaction with which every one must see the successful performance of a grand but difficult act of national charity.

We find in a recent number of the New York *Herald* the following delicious bit of reasoning:

"The Romans, in the height of their triumphs, handed the government of conquered kingdoms over to the white races who peopled them—never

to negroes. It appears, then, that the Radicals are receding from the condition of civilization which marked the era even of the old Romans."

There is one argument a good deal used on the Radical side which strongly resembles this in its general character, viz., "What you say cannot be true or sound, because the Copperheads are all quoting it and rejoicing over it." This, though used a good deal in powerful masculine "organs," bears evident traces of feminine manufacture (we say this without meaning any disrespect to the mental powers of the sex), for it reveals plainly that, in the mind of the reasoner, the desire to "spite" the enemy is very much stronger than the love of truth. Twenty logical failures would be to him less terrible than the spectacle of one Copperhead made happy through his instrumentality. *The Herald's* argument is plainly the product of the same type of intellect, seeking support for its conclusions in "the lessons of history," and it has evidently here hit upon a fertile field of illustration; for the things which the Radicals have done, and which the Greeks and Romans in their palmiest days never did or thought of doing, are numerous.

It may serve to give some idea of the pass to which political discussion is come—in this State, too, in which *The Federalist* was published—to mention that the New York *Times* has felt it necessary to reply in two long, elaborate articles to a letter of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens largely made up of such propositions as the following:

"If every citizen of any State is entitled to all the inalienable rights, privileges, and immunities of this Government, and if one of those inalienable rights is the right to cast his ballot for every man who is to take part in the Government, show me the man who is so impudent as to deny that suffrage by the ballot is due to every being within this realm to whom God has given immortality. He must be an impudent citizen, and ought never to profess to believe in the existence of a Deity; for that a world could be created and governed without an overruling cause is more feasible (*sic*) than such a proposition."

When one reads this, and then reflects that Mr. Stevens has been through two momentous years a leading member of the national legislature, one can hardly help feeling some indulgence for the weak brethren like Thomas Carlyle who believe we are "shooting Niagara."

"The people" in this city are not interfered with by the Albany Legislature in the matter of electing the judges, but they nevertheless elect men to the bench whose character and attainments suggest strong doubts of "the people's" omniscience, at least. Acting on a somewhat low, but in this city not unusual, view of "the people's" character, the Democratic nominators in this city have put up two judges for a vacant seat on the bench of the Superior Court. One is Judge Barbour, a lawyer of high character and attainments, but we suspect not in favor with "the people." The other is a man after their own heart—a Mr. Ledwith—whose legal experience has been acquired as an elected justice of a police court, and who has, we believe, never conducted a case in a civil court of record in his life. Should he succeed—at this writing the result is still in doubt—it will be one more step downward, and a very long one, in the condition of the judiciary in this city. But we must not speak disrespectfully of "the people." If they say Mr. Ledwith will make a good judge, of course he will, and there's an end on't.

General Wilson's official report of Jefferson Davis's capture has been published, and although the matter has no political interest, it will doubtless be of some importance to historians to know that Mr. Davis, when caught, really was disguised, imperfectly no doubt, as a woman, and was trying to leave the camp carrying a bucket, as if going to the well. The disguise consisted of a waterproof cloak, gathered at the waist as well as circumstances would permit, the hood thereof being drawn over his head. The scene will be for ever memorable as the closing scene of the rebellion—a farcical termination to the greatest tragedy in history since the conquest of Gaul.

Blackwood's Magazine made one of its characteristic attacks a month ago on the credit of the United States, in which, as in all its articles on American affairs, fact and fiction were mingled in a singular patchwork. Mr. David A. Wells replied very sharply and effectively in the

London *Times*, exposing many gross blunders, and commenting very severely on the impudence of the writer in the magazine in affecting to doubt, in the teeth of the Treasury reports, whether the debt of the United States had been at all reduced since the war. The magazine has this month returned to the charge in an article intended to be serious, and even severe, but in reality very funny. It accounts with the greatest naïveté for some of its worst mistakes by showing that the information needed to prevent them had not reached England when the first article was written, as if the writer was driven into the composition by some overwhelming necessity, and could not possibly wait to become thoroughly acquainted with his subject. On the subject of the reduction of the debt he makes, however, a heroic stand, and although he does not deny that forty millions sterling may have been paid off in the sixteen months preceding July last, or that the Secretary of the Treasury has made an assertion to that effect in his reports, he maintains that there is, nevertheless, no proof that anything of the kind has taken place. We know of only one remedy for a difficulty of this kind, and that is to have Mr. McCulloch's quarterly statement audited by a special emissary of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and presented to the public with his certificate attached. If this does not give confidence to the British investor in American securities, nothing will.

That it was a mistake to suppose that all the Indians at present running wild are hostile to the idea of husbandry and settled habitations we the other day endeavored to show. The view we then took seems to be corroborated by the reports we get of the action of several tribes in making treaties with the Commissioners. The Apaches, the Kiowas, and the Comanches have agreed to confederate and live on reservations allotted them in the south-western part of the Indian territory, on the borders of Texas. Between four and five millions of acres of land are given them; they are to be provided with agricultural implements; a warehouse and agency-house and a school-house are to be built for them, and dwellings for a miller, a doctor, a minister, a blacksmith, and other instructors in civilization, who are to be sent among them; and, finally, each Indian is to have annually one suit of clothes. The tribes, on their part, agree to do what they can to induce the Texan Indians and those of Arizona to take up fixed abodes, and agree also to kill no more men, pillage no more trains, and steal no more cattle. Some of the Comanches are said to be already at work on the reservation. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes as yet decline to be civilized, and talk unpleasantly. They would not agree to stay south of the Platte in the hunting season, and thought it would be well, they said, if the soldiers were made to come away from the Platte. They, however, accept the reservation, a suit of woollen clothes a-piece, and thirty thousand dollars' worth annually of useful articles. This disposes of some five or six thousand hostile Indians for a while, at any rate; of some of them, perhaps, permanently.

If anybody can make anything out of the Italian telegrams received by the Cable, he is welcome to his discoveries. We confess we are unable to afford him much assistance. All that seems certain is that the French are in Rome, as we have all along predicted they would be before long, and that Garibaldi has, with their assistance, been defeated and compelled for the present to abandon his enterprise. What curious notions of government his followers have got into their head may be inferred from the letter of our correspondent at Florence, who is a warm friend and supporter of his. It appears, according to their theory, that whenever an established government does not make war at what appears to outsiders the proper time, anybody who conceives himself to be "a good representative" of the "popular idea," and can get a few thousand men to follow him, has a right to rise up and make war on his own account. After this, we may fairly expect to see the right of private war reasserted before long. When the remedies provided by the government for private wrongs are not satisfactory or sufficient, why, by parity of reasoning, may the wronged individual not take arms and with his friends avenge his torts, repel his trespassers, enforce his contracts, and in fact make society what it ought to be

vi et armis? It is not at all likely, however, in spite of Garibaldi's present failure, that the Roman problem can be left unsolved much longer, and it will not be if Italy gets any support from Prussia.

The only event of the week in England of much importance is a speech by Lord Derby, explaining the *rationale* of the democratic policy of the Tories, as displayed in the late Reform bill. It appears that their plan is to give the working-man a share in the government, and then make the government, with his assistance, more conservative than ever. England is to "be kept as it is," to use the words of one Conservative orator, but the lower classes are to be allowed to help in keeping it so. Of course this is moonshine, or something of the same kind. The Liberal organs make a good deal of fun of it; and that the Tory organs are not satisfied with the Conservative performances may be conjectured from a recent savage attack on them in *The Quarterly Review*, which, like most brilliant review articles which appear on the same side, is popularly ascribed to Lord Cranbourne, who bolted from the Derby cabinet, and made by far the ablest speech of the session against the Reform bill. Four of the Fenians who committed the rescue at Manchester and killed the policeman, have been convicted. Three will certainly be hanged. Two more convictions—one of them of General Warren—have taken place in Dublin. Warren is one of the filibusters who went over in the Fenian brig, and cruised horribly round Ireland, occasionally, according to the published report of the voyage, sailing right through the middle of the island, and sometimes working to westward on an easterly course, and *vice versa*. He denied the jurisdiction of the court, and refused to plead or employ counsel; but we now see by the Dublin papers that his friends conceive the refusal of the court to award him a mixed jury to be a *casus belli* between England and the United States. So Roberts's opportunity has come at last. The Fenians are the keenest lawyers that ever drew a battle-blade. The "Irish Republic," during the bloody conflict of last spring, actually claimed the benefit of the Saxon *habeas corpus* in the midst of the hostilities, and wanted to be at one and the same time considered prisoners of war and to be liberated on bail. There is clearly no way of getting round such cunning dogs. When pressed hard in the field, they fling off their armor, and appear in a wig and gown, and if the court does not seem to be with them, they pop on the armor again and sound the trumpet.

The Russian "ultimatum" of *The Tribune's* Constantinople correspondent is said to have made its appearance in a joint note of remonstrance addressed to the Porte by all the great powers, except England, touching Crete and the condition of Turkish Christians generally. It is not likely it will lead to very much. The Sultan seems anxious enough to do something, but, his government being in some sense a theocracy, reform is almost impossible. It is the Pope's case over again. He has to govern by the Koran, as the Pope by the Gospels, the decrees of the councils, and the canon law, none of which, unfortunately, are fully fitted to serve as a code for a modern community. If the Sultan attempts to assimilate Turkey to France, he loses his claim on the religious veneration of the Mussulman population, and, losing this, he ceases to be Sultan. The Christians hate him now because he is a Turk; the Mussulmans would then hate him because he was a renegade, and his power of reform would be tolerably small, even if his personal safety were assured.

The sharp reply given to the address of the twenty-five bishops in Austria by the Emperor, is taken as a final proof that he has really renounced absolutism and all its ways, and knows what a constitutional monarch means. The Reichsrath is making good progress with internal reforms, under Baron von Beust's leadership, and has arranged a very respectable set of constitutional machinery, with an unusual amount of play for local government and for the independence of the different races of the empire. The danger is that the play of the instrument may be a little too free, and shake itself to pieces.

Notes.

LITERARY.

JAMES CAMPBELL, of Boston, announces the republication of three books by Dr. Robert D. Joyce: "Legends of the Wars in Ireland," "Irish Folk Lore," and "Popular Tales of Ireland."—N. Broughton, Jr., announces the Rev. W. L. Gage's translation of Tischendorf's "Origin of the Four Gospels."—G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish immediately the book, some time since announced, of "Comic Stories and Sketches," by the author of the "Widow Bedott Papers."—M. W. Dodd will add another volume to the Schönberg-Cotta series, and announces also "The Little Fox; or, The Story of Sir F. L. McClintock's Arctic Expedition," a book for boys.—A. Simpson & Co. will soon publish "an American novel" by an author whose name is kept secret. Its title is "The Strange Preacher of Saint Huldah's."—Mr. Lippincott's new magazine is to bear the title of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Education*. "An original serial novel" is, of course, to form a part of the contents; there are to be tales, sketches, essays, and poetry; currency, finance, and commerce are to be discussed by competent writers; reviews of new books will be candid and impartial; there will be a department of monthly gossip, in which place will be found for Notes and Queries, Answers to Correspondents, and anecdotes; science, so far as regards recent discoveries, and education in all its branches, will receive particular attention. Who are to be the editors we are not informed, but with the resources of the Lippincotts behind them, the magazine ought to be made a good one.

—The New York Times having found fault with the price set upon Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government," Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt (Mr. Bristed's publishers) have addressed a letter to the editor, in which they defend themselves and the trade generally from the implied charge of demanding exorbitant prices for books. This first edition of Mr. Bristed's book consists of 500 copies. The publishers say that its cost—for stereotype plates, paper, printing, binder's stamps, binding, and advertising was \$333 36; that fifty copies were given to editors; that, therefore, supposing the whole edition to be sold—a thing not likely in the case of a book of the character of this one—the proceeds would be only \$450; that Mr. Bristed, then, could receive from sales but \$225, and, at the best, would lose \$108 36, while supposing that a part of the edition remains on hand, his loss is increased by half a dollar on each unsold volume. So the author's profits in this case are apparently not great; the publisher's share is not particularly enviable either. The retail price of the book being one dollar, the publishers have to sell it to retailers at sixty cents, and for the whole edition would get \$270, and as of this sum \$225 goes to Mr. Bristed, there is left to the publishers, as payment for their services, no more than \$45. It is not easy to see how this particular book could have been offered us at a cheaper rate, nor how it could be made profitable to the author and publishers. Unless indeed, if we may be pardoned for the suggestion, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt were to get out a profusely illustrated Christmas edition of it, with a colored frontispiece representing that Puritan whom Mr. Bristed finds so disagreeable and reprehensible, and with cuts of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Stevens, and other bad persons whom Mr. Bristed takes occasion to knock about in a highly entertaining way. For the book is lively enough for the holidays, and in places is very funny, though its title seems to portend a good degree of dryness, and though it is, in fact, a book to be spoken of seriously and with respect. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, after disposing of the special case under consideration, go on to speak of the causes which, in their opinion, keep the prices of books so high. First they say that, under the tariff as at present arranged, the purchaser pays, on most of the materials used in book-making, two dollars to certain officials and protected interests in order that one dollar may get into the national Treasury. Second in its list of causes the letter mentions the absence of an international copyright; and, third, the absence of a class of readers who habitually pay high prices; or, in other words, the want of culture in this country and the general poverty of the more cultivated classes. In England, says the letter, a publisher has two sources of revenue from which the American publisher cannot draw: in the first place, the cultured class is large enough to buy a good-sized edition of such a book, say, as Mill's "Logic," and rich enough to pay a large price for it; and, in the second place, books of a certain class, which are wanted as soon as they appear, as, for instance, novels by good writers, are at first put forth in two or three volumes at a price that no one over here ever thinks of paying for a novel, but which expectant curiosity there pays willingly. Money enough is thus made to enable English publishers to issue the cheap editions which American publishers cannot

emulate; they are obliged to put upon books that do sell a part of the expense of books that do not. The writer of the letter proceeds upon the supposition that the present prices of American books bear the same proportion to the book prices of 1860 that is borne by the present to the old prices of other articles. In this we suppose him to be right.

—From a "Report on the State of Religion in America," made to the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance by the chairman of the American branch of that body, we get some interesting facts relating to the numbers and wealth of the various sects among us. At least three-fourths of the American people, Mr. Smith thinks, "are under the dominant influence" of the chief Protestant churches—Presbyterian and Congregationalist, Methodist and Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, German, and Dutch Reformed. Foremost in numbers is the Methodist Episcopal Church—which, by the way, last year celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its introduction into this country. The Northern branch of this church has 1,039,184 church members, the Southern branch has about 700,000 communicants. To this 1,700,000, more or less, we may as well add—as the number of Methodist Protestants (105,000), African Methodists (112,000), Wesleyans, Albrights, Free Methodists, Primitive Methodists, and others—about 300,000 more, and it is safe to say that the total membership of the Methodist Church in the United States is something upwards of two millions. In Canada, also, the Methodists of one kind or another are the leading sect. The Baptists follow next in order with a membership of 1,639,845, of whom 645,551 are members of the Baptist Church South. Of the total number 1,040,303 are Regular Baptists, the others being divided amongst the churches of the Campbellites or Disciples, of the Free-Will Baptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Six-Principle Baptists, Winebrennerians, Christian Baptists, and Tunkers. All the Presbyterians—Old and New School, Northern and Southern, etc.—are about 700,000 in number; the Lutherans number 323,825; the Congregationalists 267,453; the Episcopalians 161,234; the members of the Dutch Reformed Church 57,843, those of the German Reformed 109,258. The Universalists are estimated at 600,000, and the Roman Catholics at about 4,000,000; and the number of Spiritualists and Unitarians is not given at all.

—In a very elaborate, instructive, and not too intelligible article on "The Shakespearian Love Philosophy," which was published in *The Chronicle* of October 12, we find presented a theory of the sonnets which is new, so far as we know, ingenious, and, as it seems to us, more satisfactory than any other which this vexed question has called into being. The writer begins with reminding the reader how the Italian scholars of Shakespeare's day used to wrap up philosophy in sonnets, and find it wrapped up in sonnets which, perhaps, were intended simply enough by their authors, and devote themselves to comments and disputations about the mystic meanings which they made. He reminds the reader, also, of Shakespeare's own "Love's Labor Lost," which exhibits the Court of Navarre transformed into "a little academe," and transforms the courtiers and ladies into sonneteers and commentators on sonnets. Shakespeare's own sonnets were evidently written, the essayist thinks, under similar circumstances. They are first mentioned, by Meres, as Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends"—a circle which may be presumed like the Navarrese academy, or like the company of enthralled souls to whom Dante proposes his theorems in the sonnets of the "Vita Nuova." Believing this to be so, there need be no difficulty in interpreting the dedication which Thomas Thorpe prefixed to the first edition of the sonnets: "To the only begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth." Mr. W. H. could not have been the only begetter of the sonnets in the sense of being their sole inspirer or sole object, for they are addressed partly to a man and partly to a woman. The only supposition left has been that "begetter" means collector. But W. H. was something more than a collector; T. T. implies that it was to him were made the poet's promises of eternity with which the sonnets abound; so that the later ones, if not written to him, were written under his influence, and the essayist concludes as follows: "So he was not one the dumb eloquence of whose beauty had forced Shakespeare to write to him, but one whose arguments and disputations provoked the poet to embody his conception of the two loves of comfort and despair in his magnificent series of sonnets. We imagine W. H. to have been either the Earl of Southampton or some other young man of wealth, wit, and beauty who had travelled into Italy and had come back brimming over with academies and love philosophy, with Petrarch and Platonism, upon which he discussed with Shakespeare, and by his discussions begot the sonnets."

—The chief interest of the new edition of Thackeray's works, says the *London Publishers' Circular*, will lie in the last volumes of the series, which

are to contain some of the hitherto unreprinted contributions to periodicals. *The Circular* hopes that the editors will not leave out the tribute to the memory of Dr. Arnold, which Thackeray, in the early days of his authorship, wrote for *Fraser*; nor the humorous critique upon a book on manners by a woollen-draper named Skelton, which was the first article that Thackeray ever wrote for *Fraser*; nor his ironical criticisms on Mrs. Gore; nor his contributions to *Punch* in the character of the boy Jones—"in-I-go Jones," we suppose, who, in the first days of Victoria, effected an entrance into the private apartments of the palace; nor his jokes at the expense of Dr. Lardner and James Silk Buckingham; nor his frequent laudatory criticisms of Mr. Dickens's earlier novels—criticisms written before Thackeray himself had begun novel-writing. *The Circular* mentions also a series of letters from Paris which Thackeray wrote about 1838-9 for an American journal edited and owned by his friend, N. P. Willis. There seems to be no good reason, the writer says, in substance, why all these things should not be reprinted. The criticisms on Dickens Thackeray himself was naturally unwilling to collect. The world persisted in regarding the two men as rivals, and would have been good-natured enough to suspect affectation had the one published praises of the other. But in his "English Humorists," we believe it is, Thackeray speaks of Dickens in the most complimentary terms, and *The Circular* will have to look further for a reason why the criticisms were not republished by their author in his lifetime. As for some of the other articles mentioned, some of them no doubt laid Thackeray open to a charge of an unkindly use of his power as a satirist, but all whose feelings could be injured by their reappearance are now dead, and it seems as if there were no very good cause why we should not have them all, for they all have at least a biographical value. The first volume of this edition, of which Smith, Elder & Co. are the publishers, is "Vanity Fair," and the price is seven shillings and sixpence. We hear nothing further of a complete edition on this side of the water.

—No less than twelve of the Bonaparte family have added their names to the list of royal and noble authors, the family having been, according to M. Blanet, far more literary than one is altogether prepared to find them. The founder of the family wrote some pieces of poetry, a "Discours," and "L'Histoire de Corse"; King Joseph published a sentimental romance, "Moina, ou la Religieuse du Mont Cenis"; Lucien published two epics; King Louis, reputed father of the present Emperor, was also a romance-writer, having written "Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour," and, besides this, an opera in two acts, a tragedy in five, and a work pertaining to the history of Holland. Coming down to the generations succeeding the elder one, we have the Princess Zenaïde, daughter of King Joseph and wife of the Prince of Canino, who translated Schiller; Lucien's eldest son wrote a work on North American birds; his second son, Louis Lucien, now a French senator, is author of a grammar of the Basque language and several works on chemistry; his third son, Pierre Napoleon, has written a romance in Italian and translated into French Nicolini's "Nebuchadnezzar"; his granddaughter, Madame Ratazzi, wife of the Italian minister, daughter of a Mr. Wyse and Princess Letitia Bonaparte, and, before her marriage with Ratazzi, the wife of the Prince de Solms, is the author of many works, some of them lively; and of the sons of Louis, both the Emperor and his oldest brother, who was shot at Friuli in 1831, have claims to literary rank. No other governing family has shown such general literary activity.

LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.*

THE truly wonderful progress which scientific investigation and the scientific spirit of contemplating phenomena have achieved since the beginning of the present century is, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the case of language. There are many persons now living whose memory reaches back beyond the time when the study of human speech began to be conducted in accordance with vigorous canons of induction. Previous to the publication of Bopp's masterly "Conjugation system," in 1816, no scientific comparison and analysis of verbal forms in the best known languages had been accomplished, or even attempted, with a clear consciousness of the ends to be attained. And until Friedrich Schlegel had perceived and announced the existence of an Indo-Germanic family of languages, it is doubtful whether any philologist was even dimly aware of the immutable limits within which all sound etymologic comparison must be carried on. No one perceived that analogies which were valid in the case of French and Italian might—and usually must—be worthless in the case of Greek and Hebrew. No one suspected that the very closeness

of the resemblance between two words in different languages (as between Eng. *care* and Lat. *cura*) might be conclusive evidence against their original identity. No one questioned the adequacy of conclusions founded on a comparison of the full-grown forms of different civilized languages, without regard to the organic processes by which these forms were developed. In the absence of definite methods of research, nearly all enquiries which went deeper than the mere establishment and description of existing grammatical features were conducted by guesswork. Any linguistic transformation that might be regarded as conceivable or possible was likely to be seized upon as real. Consonants were treated with little respect, and vowels with none at all. One philological Fluellen found it feasible to identify *horse* with *hippos*, because both words begin with an aspirate and end with a sibilant. Another made no scruple of deriving *establish* (Lat. *sto*) from the Hebrew *yabzab*, to place; while a third set about building a truly stupendous air-castle, in which all words in all languages were to rest upon a hypothetical foundation composed of nine unmelodious monosyllables.

Extravagances of this sort are even in our day quite frequently committed, but they lie outside of scientific philology, and are not, except, perhaps, in popular apprehension, implicated with it. The science of language has now its laws and its methods of enquiry which cannot be transgressed, and the haphazard researches of the old etymologists are viewed in much the same light as the attempts of ancient alchemists to convert base metals into gold—attempts arising from utter ignorance alike of the nature of a chemical element and of the methods of chemical reaction.

The recent work of Professor Whitney on the study of language admirably exemplifies and illustrates the modern spirit of linguistic investigation. In it we find the utmost sobriety of speculation, the most careful and laborious induction, the most conscientious separation of the known from the unknown, of that which has been ascertained from that which is merely conjectured. The book is entitled to the rare praise of being trustworthy from beginning to end, and this unusual excellence in a philological work adds greatly to the interest with which we read its lucid expositions of the methods and objects of linguistic research, and its masterly summary of the chief results which have thus far been arrived at. A brief account of some of these methods and results will be, in justice alike to the author and to the noble science which he represents, the most satisfactory way of introducing Professor Whitney's book to the public attention.

In common with all other expounders of the general subject of language, Professor Whitney has devoted a very large portion of his time and space to the subject of classification. Before answering definitely the question why we speak as we do, he finds it necessary to survey the entire realm of human speech, accurately noting all its tribal divisions and the various modes of organization which enter into its composition. Before we can know thoroughly what English is, we must know it as a Teutonic language, as an Aryan language, and as an inflectional language. Before we can approach the problem of the origin of human speech, we must examine the countless dialects scattered over the earth's surface, and determine which have retained and which have lost their primitive structural characteristics. The subject of classification is thus all-important in the study of language; and the science of language, like the science of life, is pre-eminently a classificatory science—a truth which is recognized and conveyed in the popular appellation "comparative philology." It was by the establishment of genera and species that the study of words, as well as the study of organized beings, first assumed a scientific character. Comparison in the hands of Bopp played as conspicuous a part as in the hands of Cuvier, and the notable resemblance between the results obtained in philology and those recently arrived at by Darwin has been frequently remarked and sometimes unduly insisted upon. The two sciences, indeed, utterly diverse as are their subjects of research, are wholly alike in their methods, and the science of language will do well not to neglect the useful hints which she may often receive from the experience of her older sister.

It was, as we have said, by the establishment of families, genera, and species that philology first became a science. The great Aryan family, with its well-defined genera—Indic, Iranic, Hellenic, Italic, Slavonic, Lithuanic, Teutonic, and Celtic, and its numerous species, Sanskrit, Russian, Greek, Latin, Gothic, English, etc.—still remains the most striking and instructive example of such classification. The vast number of languages and dialects which it embraces, their close resemblances in structure and vocabulary co-existing with complete distinctness of generic peculiarities, and the singular transparency of its oldest member, the Sanskrit, combine to render the study of the Aryan family the indispensable preliminary to all philological research whatever. It is here that the greatest triumphs of the science have hitherto been achieved. It is here that the application of philology to the solution of problems in history and ethnology has been

* "Language and the Study of Language: Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

most successfully accomplished. It is here that has been carried on that fundamental analysis of verbal forms which has laid open to us the whole interior structure of language, and is giving us sure indications as to its origin. These results could at the outset have been attained with no set of languages except the Aryan. The Semitic, the only other family whose genetic solidarity has as yet been fully established, offers far inferior advantages. It consists of only one genus, since Hebrew and Arabic stand to each other not in the same relation as the Teutonic class to the Italic, but in the same relation as English to German or French to Spanish. And while greatly inferior to the Aryan family in this respect, it is also far less intelligible in its internal structure. Yet, difficult as is the study of Semitic speech, it is likely soon to prove of surpassing interest and importance. Inflecting as they do almost exclusively by means of internal modifications instead of the addition of variable roots from without, the Semitic languages occupy an anomalous position, which it would be useless to deny makes them at present something of a stumbling-block in the way of every theory of linguistic development.

Concerning Prof. Whitney's rejection of the name "Aryan" in its present extended sense, there is little to be said from a purely scientific point of view. On historical grounds, he has certainly made out his case. In strict accuracy, the name "Aryan" applies only to the united Iranic and Indic branches of the great family the whole of which it has recently been used to designate. Nevertheless, the convenient brevity of the word, and the associations which cluster around it, are likely to secure for it the preference over the clumsy and ill-balanced terms "Indo-European" and "Indo-Germanic." We do not hesitate to include the Canaanite dialects under the general name "Semitic," although Jews and Philistines are traditionally referred to different mythical ancestors.

The reader who loves truth better than the finest theories will notice with pleasure Professor Whitney's candid admission that the situation of "Aryana-vaedjo," the primitive home of the Indo-European races, is in fact wholly unknown to us. The fine sobriety of Professor Whitney's mind hardly anywhere appears to better advantage than in his emphatic remarks upon this point. There are, doubtless, many fragmentary indications which go to show that the original starting-point of Aryan migration was in Asia; and there have probably been worse guesses than the one current which assigns it to the land recently conquered by Russia, east of the Caspian. There is, we should think, a very high degree of probability, little short of certainty, that that mysterious place must have been somewhere between the Hindu Kush and the Niemen. But Professor Whitney is perfectly right in saying that we have no positive knowledge upon the subject. His scepticism contrasts favorably with the overweening confidence of Donaldson, who would fain describe the very path which each of the great sections of the family must have taken, and with the rashness of Bunsen, who spent much bootless ingenuity in trying to solve the whole problem by the aid of the unsubstantial myths recorded in the Vendidad.

Of Professor Whitney's use of the name "Scythian" to designate the great class of languages by Max Müller termed "Turanian," we are, on the whole, unable to approve. If the latter term is not wholly satisfactory, the former is certainly still less so. In all probability Turan, the country lying to the north of the Iranian plateau, has within historical times contained none but Turkish and Tataric tribes; while Scythia, the region lying north of the Irano-Hellenic Aryans, has certainly contained tribes as Aryan as the Greeks and Persians themselves. From time immemorial the Slavonic tribes, and at one period the Goths, have inhabited a portion of the country known to the ancients as Scythia. Since, therefore, in finding a name for the Turco-Tataric languages, our object is mainly to distinguish them from the neighboring Aryan dialects, the name Turanian must serve our purpose better than Scythian.

East and north, then, of the great Aryan boundary we find all the languages of Asia dividing into three great classes—in the north the Turanian, which has also its Finnic, Hungarian, and Turkish members in Europe; in the east the Chinese and its congeners; in the south the Dravidian family. Thus far we may proceed with due assurance; and here it is well enough to stop, for the genetic classification of languages in America, Africa, and Polynesia has as yet made but little progress. Outline sketches only have been made, which time and assiduous research must complete and render definite. Science must for the present be content with having classified and analyzed with tolerable completeness the languages of Europe and Asia.

But though our system of genetic classifications is thus for the present at fault, we are not yet at the end of our resources. Though we may not classify genetically, we may classify morphologically; though we may not predicate community of origin, we may predicate community of formation.

To Max Müller we owe a system of classification which is strictly universal, and which we are glad to see that Professor Whitney accepts, even while objecting to some of its details.

Müller divides all languages into three classes, according as their words, 1, consist of isolated roots, as in Chinese; 2, consist of combined roots, one of which always retains its integrity of form, as in the Turanian, Dravidian, and other families; 3, consist of combined roots, none of which retains its integrity of form, as in the Semitic and Aryan families.

The whole meaning of this classification is not apparent at the first glance; nor does it at first appear to satisfy all the requirements of a universal classification. Professor Whitney, with great apparent justice, objects to it that it does not include the inflection by internal modifications prevalent in the Semitic languages. He also makes the further objection that it does not separate the different classes of languages from each other with sufficient distinctness; and it is by answering the latter objection that we shall put ourselves into position to answer the former.

The splendid significance of Müller's classification is contained in this, that it is not merely a classification but a formula of linguistic development. It classifies all languages according to the degree of coherence between their roots. Where there is no coherence, we have a language of the first order, as Chinese. Where there is incomplete coherence, shown by the non-absorption of one element, we have a language of the second order, as Turkish. Where there is complete coherence, exhibited in the absorption of all the elements, we have a language of the third order, as Sanskrit. Of course, there can be no fourth alternative. Either both roots may be distinct or one may be distinct, or neither may be distinct. We can go no further. The classification exhausts all possibilities.

It must also be remembered that to whichever class a language may now belong, it must originally have belonged to the first class. This conclusion follows from the fact that all the constituent elements of the inflectional languages were once independent words endowed with separate significance. All our case-endings, person-endings, signs of gender, tense, and number are the fossil relics of once significant words. Our inflectional languages, therefore, in which all the constituent elements are now absorbed, must once have existed in a state in which all those elements were independently significant. Upon this point Professor Whitney and Max Müller are perfectly agreed, and, indeed, it is a point upon which no rational doubt is permissible. It will follow, therefore, that some languages must from time to time be passing out from one stage into the next higher; that there are likely always to be some languages, as the Tungusic, Burmese, Egyptian, and Turkish, which, while in the main assignable to one class, present in some degree the characteristics of the next higher or the next lower class; and that languages of the highest class, in originating new forms or supplying the place of old forms that have been lost (as in the case of the Romanic futures), must resort to devices characteristic of languages of the lowest class. So far from constituting an objection, therefore, Professor Whitney's remarks, upon his own cherished principles, furnish to Max Müller's division of languages the most ample confirmation.

With regard to the internal modifications of Semitic words the case is more difficult, and our space is so far used up that we have not room to argue it. But there is nothing to prevent our considering these interior vowel changes as an extension of the Chinese expedient of variously accentuating similar words in order to differentiate them without the help of added variable roots. In the study of these singular phenomena the recently exhumed Egyptian cannot fail to be of great importance, and is destined, we think, to throw light upon the hypothesis just suggested.

We had intended to call attention to Professor Whitney's remarks on the origin of language—not the least remarkable portion of his very remarkable book—but we have already overrun our limits, and must conclude. We cannot, however, lay down our pen without giving expression to our pride in the thought that such a book has been written by an American scholar and issued from an American press.

THE SEXUALITY OF NATURE.*

As might on *a priori* grounds have been expected, where the people are all sovereigns the attempts at making royal roads to knowledge are more frequent than in undemocratic countries. Apparently there is in such communities a tendency to a belief that in science, as in other things, nothing is wholly good which is not endorsed—to use a word current in politics—by a majority of all the legal voters; that it is advisable for the scientific man to keep in view as his goal the good word of the greatest number. As one

* "The Sexuality of Nature. By Leopold Hartley Grindon." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868. 12mo, pp. 134.

result of which belief, we have popularized science—which is science falsely so called, or science with a difference—set forth even by men who really deserve the name of men of science. As a worse result, we have an increase in the number of sciolists, and we have crowds of sciolists talking to lyceums the half-knowledge which is wholly nonsense; or, to speak in the concrete, we have Mr. L. H. Grindon writing books on "The Sexuality of Nature."

Mr. Grindon is a persistent projector of those royal roads to knowledge which begin in ignorance and lead, as certain German metaphysical paths have been said to lead, first into the woods—where, by the way, unlimited hallooing takes place—and, finally, up a tree. This is not Mr. Grindon's first book. It is his worst, however, so far, and is a very good specimen of the sort of scientific works which is prepared for large and ill-informed audiences by men who, if their audiences were well-informed, would write no books—none, at any rate, after their first one—or else would themselves become well-informed and write different books.

There is this to be said in praise of the author as he appears in "The Sexuality of Nature," that he has apparently read the works of a vast number of writers who treat more or less fully and directly of the subject he had in hand, and that not much relating to it can have escaped him, from Gedicus's "Defensio Sexus Muliebris" to Mr. Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," and from the first chapter of the author of the Book of Genesis to the late Mrs. L. Maria Child's "Letters from New York." It is just as well that the necessity of adapting his book to the tastes of a popular audience led him generally to cite his authorities rather than quote from them at any great length; and, therefore, while the book is so small as to frighten no one, a large list of names and titles is to be found in the notes, and may be consulted profitably by any student who wishes to pursue the subject, and especially by any student who thinks that Euripides, Gedicus, Homer, Keats, Byron, *The Phonetic Journal*, "a gifted lady of the West," Claudian, F. W. Newman, and a hundred other such scientific authorities, will be of help to him. For magazine writers the list of authors and books is of great and unalloyed value.

To use the words of the title-page, "The Sexuality of Nature" is "An Essay," of about a hundred pages, "Proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology." Of course, a judicious use of the power of definition is necessary for the purposes of an essayist who proposes to show this, and Mr. Grindon accordingly defines marriage as meaning "all unions analogous to the human, in the history of both matter and spirit," and sex, he says, "refers to the separate qualities or natures by which things universally fall into two great sections or divisions"—meanings, as the author justly remarks, which are not the common ones, but "far wider," and which are sufficiently flexible for any purpose whatever. Given this definition whereon to stand, and one may prove hard-boiled eggs masculine and soft-boiled eggs feminine, or, as Mr. Grindon does, that land and water are respectively female and male; that Oxygen is the father and Hydrogen the mother of the man-child HO; that from the marriage of the bridegroom, Oxygen, with the bride, Calcium, we have Lime born into the world; that the "yellow, ferocious liquid, Nitric Acid," is the son of honest and "innocuous" parents, Oxygen, namely, and Nitrogen—we would add, that when he was small he was known as a lad of volatile character, went by the name of Nitrous Oxide, and was employed by many dentists and lyceum lecturers on science—that Potassium, "when violently torn from its beloved Oxygen," at the instance of the jealous Hydrogen, we presume, or the before-mentioned Calcium, "must be dungeoned in a fluid whence Oxygen is absent or the embrace is instantly renewed;" that the Sun is the father, the Earth the mother, of all external heat; that "the beautiful thing we denominate light is brought into existence by the animating action of the solar orb on a latent, luciparous element diffused throughout space;" that color "is born"—born a twin, we suggest—"of the same sweet intimacy which produced light"; that God's Wisdom is masculine, his Goodness feminine, and that the two attributes unite in holiest marriage, which is known among men as God's Love; that the soul is sexually dual, including, as it does, "the Intellectual-principle and the Will-principle;" that Science is masculine and Religion feminine; that the cerebrum is masculine and the cerebellum feminine; that the solid parts of the body are feminine and the fluids masculine, whence, as we suppose, it follows that tea-drinking is to be considered a distinctively masculine recreation, and we do not know why beef-tea, if it is well made, is not of doubtful gender; that literature, trade, and commerce are males, while deeds of kindness, love, and charity are females; that vowels are of the feminine gender "and the hard, sturdy consonant" is male, "and so," observes our author, "the unmarried vowel is rarely more than a thoughtless interjection," and going on (and getting better

and better, we hope, but here we confess our understanding of him grows dim), he says, "How truly and beautifully is man, *i. e.*, *homo*, called a word of the Creator!" Who called him so, we wonder; and why? Would Mr. Grindon see particular truth or beauty in calling man *homo* because *homo* begins with an aspiration and ends with a woman, as he would say, or a thoughtless interjection? Or is it beautiful to say that *homo* is a word of the Creator because *homo* includes both sexes, and words being made of consonants and vowels are also, as regards their constituents, masculine and feminine? Or can it be that this following explanation means something: "Two sounds go to form each perfect articulation of the human voice; two natures to form every soul that is spoken into being by the Divine One"? Or, going back to the original utterance, is it that its truth and beauty are not absolutely such, but only such to Mr. Grindon, and that they are such to him because non-existent and nonsensical? We leave it, baffled.

But it is quite as clear as mud that, Nature being the expression of the divine Wisdom and the divine Goodness conjointly, she therefore only rarely presents us with forms bounded exclusively by straight lines, which represent only the divine Wisdom, or exclusively by curved lines, which, being feminine, represent only the divine Goodness. "Crystals," says Mr. Grindon, "are perhaps the only examples of the former"—that is, of natural bodies bounded by straight lines exclusively—"and as these are symbolical of truth (whether we take spars and salts, or the exquisite little stars and crosses of snow—water being one of the most emphatic emblems of truth), it is still in sublimest harmony that straight lines should shape them, inasmuch as truth belongs to the intellect;" and Tenterden steeple being the cause of Goodwin Sands, Cuba must evidently be six times as large as Massachusetts.

Mr. Grindon, and no one will blame him, is intolerant of bad logic. Commenting on the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Revelations, where it is said that the company of heaven is made up of those "who have not been defiled with women," he truly says that Barnes thinks that by defilement is meant excess, "an explanation," remarks Mr. Grindon, "accustomedly illogical." We would suggest to him also that this Barnes is a Presbyterian. But, letting that pass, it is beyond a doubt that Barnes deserves to be called worse than illogical when we see how easily he might have found a perfectly plain and conclusive explication, which was, as we may say, staring him in the face:

"Read by the light of correspondence, we see, as before, that by 'women' are meant the affections, and that by 'defilement' is signified the indulgence of such kinds of affections as are opposed to divine command. For the affections may be directed either towards good or towards evil. In the former case, they are the counterpart of woman as she came from the hands of her Creator; in the latter, of woman when she has sunk to be only so in name. The feminine nature is still there, but lost in degradation and corruption. And as woman, in her purity, is the being of all others likeliest God, but in her impurity the most unlike, so the affections, when perverted, like the prowlers of the night, are the foulest occupants the soul can hold."

"On this principle of interpretation it is alone possible to extract a coherent meaning from that extraordinary passage in the antediluvian history where it is said that 'the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose,' Gen. vi. 2. It was the unions here referred to, it will be remembered, which mainly induced the terrible visitation of the flood, showing that there must have been something enormously wicked in them."

"The 'sons' here mentioned denote the intellectual perceptions of truth enjoyed by the antediluvians; the 'daughters' their affectional desires. The sons are called 'of God' because these perceptions were pure and exalted; the daughters are called 'of men' to indicate the relatively corrupt and perverse direction which the loves and desires of mankind had universally fallen into; every generation succeeding Eve having sunk into deeper debasement. Now for the intellect to forego its knowledge of right and wrong, and deliberately associate itself with a corrupted will, is one of the most awful and heinous of sins. The duty of the understanding is to guide and instruct the affections; and if it sees them go astray, to endeavor to reclaim them. How deep, therefore, the criminality when it wilfully descends and consorts with what it knows to be base and perverted. Such profanation it was, without doubt, which, carried out on a great scale, constituted the monstrous wickedness of the antediluvians."

Of course it was. An equally fine example of the new light thrown upon the Scriptures by interpretation, on the theory of the sexuality of nature, is to be found on page 63:

"For example: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.' These allusions are not introduced simply to give completeness to the comparison to the shepherd, in its physical reading. Beautifully indicating that pastoral care thinks both of food and drink for its flock, the deeper significance shows that man's heart and mind are alike the objects of God's providence. For the 'still waters' are the stores of truth, elsewhere called 'the river of God,' by which the intellect is irrigated and enriched; the 'green pastures' are those sweet and nourishing ailments of the heart which are

found in deep faith and hope, and to which the sweet green fields of the bosom of the country originally correspond. When it is said, 'The earth is full of thy riches; so is the great and wide sea,' the same general significance is involved. For the earth, as we have seen, is the emblem of woman, and thus of the will, or the soul's feminine half; and the sea of the understanding, and thus of its masculine. Hence again, in another place, praise is invited in the words, 'Let the floods clap their hands, and the hills be joyful together.'

When the relations of the human sexes in love and marriage are dealt with, the author shows himself soft-hearted, but he remains as lazy-headed as when among the loves of the plants and the flirtations of the chemical elements. We commend to his notice these remarks, which may be found in the *Circular* of the Oneida Communists. How to go nutting is the author's theme:

"If you are a woman, be sure not to go unattended by at least one of the graver sex. You will find him indispensable in climbing trees and dislodging the fruit from inaccessible heights. A properly organized man has just that love of adventure which prompts him to ascend to the topmost boughs, and pluck from thence the largest and rarest nuts which the tree has to bestow. If you are a man, neglect not to associate with yourself certain of the fairer sex; for in searching for the fruit at the foot of the tree, under fallen leaves and other obstructions, they are unsurpassed and unsurpassable."

There is a fine, practical tone about this, and an absence of wild theorizing which Mr. Grindon and other "scientific" writers on this subject would do well to emulate.

MR. BRISTED ON GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE.*

MR. BRISTED has written what the "lively" writers call a "spicy" book upon a very interesting subject, and even if it does not contain much that is new, it contains a great deal that is valuable very well put. The effect of Mr. Bristed's argumentation is always diminished, however, by his habit of throwing everything he has to say into the shape of a party pamphlet, written as if persuasion or exposition were only half its object, the other half being the castigation of enemies and evil-doers. One never knows the moment, even when following him through the mazes of a dry economical disquisition, when he will take off his coat and treat himself to a bout with Greeley, Stevens, or some other friend of the "interference theory," and refuse to resume the thread of his discourse till he has given each of them a black eye and bloody nose. The frequent recurrence of these episodes, however, is apt to weary all but the most enthusiastic disciples, and certainly makes Mr. Bristed's audiences smaller than they would otherwise be.

The first chapter, giving the history and explanation of the reaction which has set in of late against the *laissez-faire* policy, which was all the rage twenty years ago, is interesting; but the account it gives of the matter is, as it seems to us, incomplete. To Louis Napoleon's great success in France, and to the disorders and anxieties created here by the anti-slavery struggle, Mr. Bristed ascribes the growth of the love of, or at least admiration for, "strong government," by which the civilized world has been pervaded ever since 1848. But a strong government is not necessarily a meddlesome government. Continental governments cannot, on the whole, be said to be meddlesome in proportion to their strength. In fact, the weakest have generally been the most annoying. So Mr. Bristed maintains that we owe the combination of the love of strength with the love of interference, which he thinks he sees in our politics here, to the Puritan element, against which he repeats the old and well-known charges, although in a somewhat exaggerated form, while, however, presenting the good side of Puritanism very fairly.

We must say we think this explanation imperfect, and therefore somewhat misleading. There is no doubt that there was a violent reaction in Europe in favor of strong government after 1848. It was due to the dreadful troubles of that and the following year, and the display of ignorance and incompetence made by the revolutionary party wherever they raised their heads, in England as well as elsewhere. They showed little organizing ability, little persistence, no proper appreciation of the difficulties they had to contend with. They were beaten in the field with very little trouble, and they made such a sorry display of themselves in the forum that even their own friends did not dare to express much sorrow for seeing them gagged. But this reaction had really spent its force by 1857. The love of strong government began to die out; Liberalism once more became the fashion; Italy and Hungary began to raise their heads; Austria, the great centre of the reaction, was seen to be a failure; and Paris began to get a little—only

a little, we admit—tired of the Emperor; and the Puritans in this country, so far from contending for government meddling, in 1856 began to fight might and main against it. The prohibitory temperance legislation was generally acknowledged to be a failure so early as 1855, and the Republican movement of the following year, so far as the North was concerned, was a movement against government interference, not for it. The South, it is true, clamored for State rights; but what it *did* was to use the powers of the central government for the spread and perpetuation of its social theory. In other words, the South fought the battle of *status*; the Puritan North that of *contract* and free agency.

What, in our opinion, has done most to promote the love of "interference" is neither the admiration of strong government evoked by the Napoleonic régime in France nor yet the inquisitorial spirit of Puritanism, but the steady progress of the utilitarian theory of politics amongst that portion of the population whose opinions most strongly affect legislation—we mean the large reforming class which has within the last thirty years sprung up in all the more highly civilized countries, and which occupies itself actively and incessantly with all questions bearing on the social, moral, and physical condition of the poorer classes. The leaders of this movement, in so far as it has had any political bearing, have been utilitarians of the Bentham school, and the most marked feature in their system has been their dislike of all absolute principles in politics. They have always refused to accept any theory as final and binding. The English and French free-traders were an offshoot of this school, but they ran away from it completely; and Bastiat, whom the Free Trade League in this country seems to have taken for its high-priest, is almost as far away from them as Henry C. Carey. The young generation of politicians in England, however, all belong to it, and John Stuart Mill's writings, in spite of the essay "On Liberty," have diffused its doctrines more widely than appears on the surface in this country. Its doctrine with regard to the limits of the province of government is this, that government being simply the whole community organized for action, its business is to do whatever the good of the community requires, and what the good of the community requires is to be ascertained by reflection and discussion, and, in certain cases, by experiment. If it be proper, it will say, to take the money of people who may never enter it to build a park for popular recreation and the improvement of the popular health, it may also be proper to shut up public-houses. The end of government is neither liberty nor restraint, but the common weal. Liberty is, after all, but a means to an end. If the effect of prohibitory legislation be worse than the effect of free liquor, let it be swept away; if not, not; but this has to be shown. Do not, therefore, prove the Maine-law men to be wrong by a mere deduction from a principle of your own manufacture, such as, "That government is best which governs least;" or, "The proper function of government is the protection of life and property." This is simply "high *priori*" nonsense.

We have not space for an examination of Mr. Bristed's denunciations of what he calls "Aquarianism." Many of his arguments are unanswerable, though marred by too much cudgelling of opponents; others are too palpably *a priori* to suit our political tastes. But the book is a most useful one, and its appearance is opportune, and we wish it a wide circulation and careful consideration.

SOME LATE LYRICS.*

In the domain of morals the case is very different; but in the realm of literature, where what the gods call theft the muses, with an eye to business, let pass under the softer name of plagiarism, the conscious thieves are not nearly so badly off as those who habitually steal unconsciously. Forget the moral law, and, beyond a doubt, it is better nine times in ten to be a Miss Braddon, under an alias, filching ideas from French novelists, than to be that young man who, in all innocence, publishes his "Laura Matilda," honestly fancying that it is not "Maud." Habitually, we said just now, for no persons except young ladies expect authors to be more than human, and to ask that authors shall always give us their own and not quite often reproduce as theirs what has been put into their heads by other authors, is asking them to do what no author has yet done and what none ever will do. But the writer who not merely frequently gets his thoughts and his forms from other writers, but habitually does so, is plainly a person who, as author, has no valid reason for existing. This is to be said, of course, on the theory that authorship is not a trade merely. If it is only a trade, if the commercial test is the only test of the value of poems and other writings,

* "The Interference Theory of Government. By Charles Astor Bristed." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

* "A Lover's Diary. By Alice Cary." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.
* "Voices of the Border. By Lieut.-Col. G. W. Patten, U.S.A." New York: Hard & Houghton. 1867.

why then the plagiarist, conscious or unconscious, may, it is possible, be a very wise trader; and Miss Cary, who is a popular writer, is not at all unfortunate in being the writer of the volume before us. Otherwise it would be difficult enough to congratulate her on her "Lover's Diary."

Sydney Dobell says in a pretty poem:

"Peggy was kind,
She would save the blind
Black fly that shimmered the ale,
And her quick hand stopped
If a grass-moth dropped
In the drifted snows of the pail."

And Miss Cary says in the first of "Mona's Songs":

"I knew it was tenderness for me
That made him save the moth
That had dropped into the milking pail,
And was drowning in the froth."

The book is made up mainly of such reminiscences, and, so far as readers are concerned, is profitable only to those people who have not read Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, and half a dozen other contemporary poets, and, to name three only, Wordsworth, Herrick, and Burns among those who are gone. To praise it for smooth versification, for several pretty little images, for a lamb-like purity of sentiment, for an occasional happy adjective, would not be hard; but neither would it be hard to laugh at it for the sheepish tameness of its "Rhapsodies," for the comfortableness of its "Despair," for the extreme tenuity of its thoughts, and for the total absence of any lover-like passion, Mona's lover being a faint reflection, in very watery milk-and-water, of the lover existent in books and not in this flesh of ours. To speak the truth briefly, the book is a borrowed book. One other word, however, we must say, for fear any one should be misled. The case of parallelism which we have cited perhaps looks more like conscious than unconscious plagiarism. But there are in the book hundreds, we dare say, of cases which, as it appears to us, make it perfectly plain that Miss Cary is what we have called her, a plagiarist without bad intentions. It is not dishonesty which offers as original this verse of Tennyson's:

"God's great gift of speech abused;"

nor which thus imitates the same poet in one of his imitations:

"Cruel little Mona!
Very well she knew
That just to have the buckle
Upon her belt so blue,
That just to have the ribbon," etc., etc.

Some readers will recognize Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Patten as an old acquaintance when we say that he is the writer of "The Seminole's Reply."

"Blaze with your serried columns"

that lay begins;

"I will not bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free;"

and so it goes on in a way which recalls to mind, in the most vivid manner, the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. We were about to say that this figure of the Indian, as he appears when his war-paint is laid on to suit the taste of a West-Pointer, is the best thing in the book; but there are some things better, we believe, in the "Songs of the Bower," and even in the "Songs of the Field." We are bound to say, however, that it is all pretty bad; if it were not that in publishing his poems the author yielded "to the frequent solicitations of friends," we should hardly know how to forgive him. And, by the way, how delightful it must be in a world out of which so long ago Jonathan died, and David likewise was gathered to his fathers, for a man to find that he has tied to him a circle of friends willing and eager to endorse a couple of hundred of lyrical pieces such as these are! Such, for example, as this:

"Wake, lady, wake! that gentle eye
The voice of music bids unclose;
We stand beneath thy lattice high
To woo thee from thy soft repose.
The spell of sleep is scarce so strong
But wizard words the chain may break;
By the deep power of mighty song,
We bid thee wake! fair lady, wake!"

And the very devil Asmodeus, who had so low an opinion of earthly friendship, and who, since the days of King David, had seen no example of it which at all realized his ideal, might have been moved to praise on learning that the author's friends stood by him in the publication of these dactyls:

"Yon is the steed all arrayed for the battle,
See how he paweth and pants for the plain;
'Tis the clash of the sabre, he knoweth its rattle—
Spring to the saddle and yield him the rein.
Bold as your manners,
Flourish your banners,
Strike for the star of the eagle and shield;
For women 't is sighs, and for children 't is prattle,
For men 't is the trumpet which sounds to the field."

The trumpet is always sounding Colonel Patten to the field; the war-horse is always champing on the bit; the red levin is never quiet, nor the war-drum, nor the warrior bard who leaps for ever from his seat and draws his shining blade; the war-bolt rolls without cessation; the tocsin continually doth sound; the war-hounds are waked with the lash of the Fury; the leaden rain falls and falls in rattling peals with the well-known withering effect;

"The warrior pale, in his gory mail,
Reeteth in silence here;—"

Fame perpetually twines the green laurel for cadets of the National Military Academy at West Point; the banners are constantly waving, and so are plumes and pennons, as the war-steeds rush past:—

"We thread the brake, we swim the flood;
Onward! Huzza, Huzza!"

Why not hurrah instead of huzza we do not know; unless, indeed, we account for it as for the levin and the plumes and the pennons and the other properties.

It is a good while since we read so much noisy language which seemed not only to have found the reader but to have left the writer perfectly unmoved. The "Songs of the Bower" are not so entirely factitious as the "Songs of the Field." The gallant dragoon, or hussar, or what not, finds plenty of fickle charmers of course; of course he musically desires one constant breast somewhere among the society at the United States military posts on which to lay his brow; he curses fashion as a hollow mockery; treasures tresses; drinks to eyes cerulean and to eyes of midnight hue; "wakes" the lute; learns "the lore of womankind"; meets "her" coldly while through the chamber soft music floateth rare, and in a great many ways shows excessive familiarity with the models of poems which were in vogue half a century ago. But there are some tolerable little pieces; and when he says, addressing a statue of Venus,

"Thy life a never ending hour,"

we are not sure that he has written wholly in vain.

L'Arrabiata, and Other Tales. By Paul Heyse.—There are as yet no German novelists whom foreign criticism pronounces novelists of the first rank. Indeed, foreign criticism hardly admits the existence of even tolerable German novelists. The best of them are hardly known out of their own country. Freytag and Auerbach are names that mean nothing to thousands of Englishmen and Americans who know the names and works of Sand and Balzac very well, and to thousands of Frenchmen who know Scott and Dickens and Thackeray. A part of the obscurity which hides German fiction from almost all but German eyes the Baron von Tauchnitz has set about removing. He has given us in English Auerbach's "On the Heights"; Fritz Reuter's "In the year '13," a vivid and merry little picture of village life which it is a real pleasure to look at; La Motte Fouqué's "Aslauga's Knight, and Other Tales," and now "L'Arrabiata" and three or four less-known stories by Paul Heyse, an excellent story-teller. This is certainly a very good beginning of the department of fiction in the new "Library of German Authors." As yet it contains not one book that even a rare novel-reader may not allow himself to read, and that willingly. Mügge's books, which are to come, are not, perhaps, to be spoken of so favorably but Heyse atones for him, and would if he were worse than he is. Of "L'Arrabiata"—"The Vixen" perhaps may pass for a translation of the epithet—it is not too much to say that it is one of the most exquisite of short stories—a perfectly finished gem.

A Treatise on the Law of Patents. By George T. Curtis. Third edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—The value of this work is too well known to lawyers to need our word upon the subject. Much of the present edition is, however, entirely new, for the author has justly felt that the changes of the law which have occurred within the last eighteen years cannot be fully dealt with by a mere edition of foot-notes. The text of the book has been accordingly remodelled and enlarged. Mr. Curtis has had much experience in the branch of the law which he has here treated, and has studied the authorities with care. Few lawyers are as well qualified to prepare such a work, and none are likely to undertake the difficult task of rivalry. The present edition contains a somewhat larger proportion of mere quotations from judicial opinions than a severe critic could approve as part of the text, but if such a fault is to be excused in any law-book a treatise on patents certainly has the most excuse. The technicalities of machinery are added to those of law, making it more difficult than usual to extract any principles from the decisions. So far as we are able to judge, all the reported cases are mentioned in this book, and their substance correctly stated.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

WHAT IS THE ALTERNATIVE?

It would be well for those who are dissatisfied with the Congressional plan of reconstruction and are now placing it in danger by their desertion or denunciations to let the world know as soon as possible what they would substitute for it. A good many of them—Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, for one, in his recent letter explaining the Republican defeat in that State—talk as if Congress was seeking to establish negro ascendancy at the South, and had instituted negro suffrage there for this purpose of malice aforethought. But it is well known that Congress only came to negro suffrage slowly and reluctantly, and after trying another plan, which actually left the government of the Southern States in the hands of the whites. The prompt and cheerful acceptance of the constitutional amendment, though it did not in our opinion exact as much by any means as it ought to have done, would no doubt have satisfied the North sufficiently to have secured the admission of the Southern senators and representatives to their places. The amendment, was, however, deliberately and ostentatiously rejected; not on the ground that the conditions that it contained were hard or unreasonable—this even the Philadelphia Convention did not venture to maintain—but on the ground that the South ought not to be required to submit to any conditions whatever. After this, Congress had two courses open to it. One was to readmit the South without any stipulation or concession whatever, except the acceptance of emancipation as an accomplished fact, leaving the negroes to be subjected to any régime short of re-enslavement that the whites pleased, and taking no security whatever against a repetition of the revolt against the United States Government. The other was to introduce into the work of reconstruction some new element; since the disloyal portion of the Southern population would not do it, to appeal to the loyal.

Now the first of these courses would, it is notorious, have only pleased a very small section of the Northern people. Only a very small minority, and that mainly composed of avowed secessionists, would have been satisfied to see the South return to its place in the Union as if nothing had happened. This is no supposition. It is as well ascertained as anything in politics can be. Most people called for conditions of some kind; and all acknowledged that if any conditions were allowable, those contained in the constitutional amendment were not unreasonable, and were in fact as little as could be asked. There then remained the admission of the negroes to the suffrage, at least for the purpose of electing constitutional conventions. Many people were willing to see the color test abolished, but wanted an educational test substituted for it. To this there were two objections: first, that an educational test, to be of any real value, and to be free of any indirect discrimination against color, had to be imposed not only on those on whom the suffrage had still to be bestowed, but on those already in possession of it. Ignorance is ignorance, whether the voter be a white or a black man. It was, however, admitted that to force the poor Southern whites to learn to read before voting again would be an outrage to which they would not submit. On this no party at the North was prepared to insist; not the Democrats, because they have always opposed the idea that popular intelligence was a political necessity; and not the Republicans, because they, too, in forgetfulness of their earlier creed, were cheated by their anxiety to do the negro justice into proclaiming the suffrage to be the "natural right" of every adult male. Some went further, and maintained even that anybody was competent to decide any question of government by the aid of "common sense." Moreover—and by this consideration the Republicans were perhaps more influenced than by any other—the imposition of an educational test at the present election, that is, at the moment when negro votes were most needed by the nation, would have excluded most of them, and have left the work of reconstruction substantially where it stood. It was said, and with great justice, too, that by ad-

mitting all to vote, a pressure would be applied to the whites in favor of popular education which could be applied in no other way; that in no other way could the negroes so well learn their duties as citizens, and in no other way could they so well force the local authorities to do them justice.

It may turn out that Congress, in adopting this latter course, made a mistake; but this does not yet appear, and until it does appear those who oppose it are bound to tell us what they would have done had they had their way. Legislation is not a puzzle intended for the exercise of the wits. It is a means of affecting the lives and happiness of whole communities, and those who criticise it have a higher duty than that of finding fault; they are bound to tell their neighbors how to amend. It is all very well to rail against "negro ascendancy," but what ascendancy should be substituted for it? Into whose hands, at the South, will you commit the task of reorganizing the government, if not to a majority of the whole people? It is no doubt hard to shut out so many whites because they have taken part in the rebellion; but if you do not like this, are you prepared to let them shut out those who did not take part in it, but opposed it with all their might? It is no doubt hard to keep so large a portion of the United States soil so long under military rule, but then what kind of rule would be set up if the military were withdrawn? How would the elections, for instance, be conducted? How large a proportion of the Southern population would enjoy any protection for either life or property? Which is more injurious to free government—the rule of an organized military force, acting under laws passed by a deliberative body, or the rule of the knife and revolver, the vigilance committee and the mob?

These are important questions which every fair-minded man is bound to ask himself, and at least try to answer before he begins railing at Congress. Of the thousands who do rail at it, however, probably not one per cent. give them a moment's consideration. What they do is to put themselves through a grand "high priori" process, in which they arrange the facts to suit themselves, and make them appear something like this: "Here is a large, intelligent community of men of our own race, with an admirable system of law, who, though they have been in rebellion, have submitted with a good grace to defeat. They have emancipated their slaves cheerfully at our request. They know the negro well, and, having been brought up with him, of course feel kindly disposed toward him, and are anxious for his welfare and elevation. Being weak and ignorant, of course the sheriff and police and judges devote more care and attention to his interests than they do to those of white men, and as to the white inhabitants generally, of course they are kind and fair in their dealings with him, as they are deeply interested in his prosperity. Yet Congress, animated by mere spite and malevolence, without the slightest necessity or provocation, has disfranchised a large body of the most intelligent whites, and by giving the suffrage to all the blacks has handed over to them the government of the entire South. We see the result in Virginia."

We have made no attempt to extenuate the result of the late election in Virginia. We have our own opinion of the gentry who have there undertaken the task of "leading" the blacks, and have expressed it very freely. But that such people should get control of the blacks at the outset, and having got control of them should abuse it, was naturally to be expected. The liability of the freedmen to be misled by demagogues on their first entrance into political life is one of the unfortunate results of their having been so long degraded slaves; and the proper medicine for this weakness is, we take it, participation in the government. To regard the existence of the weakness as a reason for not attempting to apply the remedy, is about as sensible as refusing to teach a man to swim owing to the certainty that at first he would probably flounder a good deal and get his head under water.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the large negro majorities are due in the main to the intentional abstinence of the whites from voting. A phenomenon of the same kind is by no means unfamiliar at the North—the refusal of the rich and well-educated to vote or take any active interest in public affairs, through disgust or despair or love of ease. It has been and is constantly witnessed in this city, and with deplorable results. New York is governed by as ignorant a class and one more depraved than even the worst of the negroes; but the disgust and neglect of the rich and educated usually call down denunciation

on them rather than on the class to which they leave the work of government. Moreover, if we once admit that the negroes ought to be disfranchised wherever the whites choose to abstain from voting, we of course surrender the game. It being once established that if the whites do not vote the negroes are to blame, the whites will stop voting all over the South and leave us to do the rest for them. A more absurd principle it would be impossible to introduce into politics. The true way, in our opinion, to make the whites take their proper part in the government of the South, is to show them that if they choose to sulk they will be ruled by the blacks. If they are once made sure of this, which as yet they are not, we venture to predict they will soon take an active part in elections.

THE POPE AND THE CATHOLIC NATIONS.

THE Pope and his advisers, and in fact the Catholic clergy throughout the world, seem to be, with regard to the possession of the Papal territory, in a state of mind somewhat difficult for laymen to understand. They defend their retention of Rome mainly on the ground that, owing to the nature of the Pope's functions and the influence and authority he exercises over men of all nations, it would be very inexpedient for him to become the subject of any other potentate, and this he must do if he relinquishes his temporal sovereignty. Access to him, they say, might be denied by the power in whose dominions he was residing; he might be prohibited from performing certain official acts; or exposed to threats and penalties, or other persecution, in case he did perform them; or might be actually subjected to duress in order to extort spiritual concessions from him, as he was in the time of the first Napoleon. This is a kind of argument with which everybody is familiar, and the force of which anybody who is in the habit of arguing at all can appreciate. It is the ordinary argument drawn from expediency which is used by worldly politicians every day. It owes, however, most of its force to the hypothesis that the Pope's influence has undergone no material modification within the last two hundred years. In some respects, the influence is greater than it was in the last century. His control over the Catholic clergy is much more complete than it was a hundred years ago. Before the French Revolution a Catholic priest in England was a sight rarely seen; in Ireland, he was a wretched fugitive who risked his life every time he said mass or celebrated a marriage. In France, the clergy were a powerful corporation, possessing large landed estates, closely allied with all the great houses of the kingdom, and intensely French in their feeling, pluming themselves rather on being one of the great bodies of the state than a part of the visible Church. There was accordingly, at that time, a "Gallican Church," whose obedience to the Pope was only partial, and which possessed certain well-defined rights and privileges which the Pope dared not infringe. In Germany, there were prince-bishops, with territory of their own, to which they attached more, or at least as much, importance as they did to their sacerdotal dignity, and which tempted, and in fact forced, them into an attitude of independence and often of defiance toward the Papacy, and their spirit infected all the minor clergy.

Since the French Revolution, however, all the great territorial clergy have been swept away. Priests in France are now persons without any social dignity or importance, except what they derive from the nature of their functions, and the importance of their functions of course depends on the power and exaltation of the Church whose ministers they are. They accordingly sink the Frenchman in the priest as they never did in old times, and obey orders from Rome as faithfully and zealously as the prefect obeys those he receives from Paris. The same thing may be said of the Irish Catholic clergy. They have, as a body, come into existence within eighty years, and they serve the Vatican without making any examination of the nature or extent of its powers. The transformation of the clergy into Ultramontanists has not been so thorough in Germany; but it has taken place. Had, in short, the power of the clergy over the people increased within the present century in the ratio of the power of the Pope over the clergy, he would be one of the most formidable potentates in the world. But it has not. Ireland and Bavaria, and perhaps Naples, are the only countries in the world in which the Catholic

clergy can be said to possess political power at all, and even there it has greatly diminished. How much it has diminished in Ireland is shown by the history of Fenianism, and by the necessity under which the clergy labor of maintaining an attitude of fierce political hostility to the English Government, in direct opposition to the interests of the Catholic Church in England. The Mannings and Newmans have, in fact, in their efforts to win England back to Catholicism, no more effective opponents than the Cullens and MacHales. To account for the decline of clerical influence, even amongst the most ignorant people in Europe, would require a history of "rationalism." All the forces of modern society have had something to do with it.

The main argument in support of the Pope's political independence, however, is based, as we have said, on the supposition that this influence has undergone no decline at all; that the clergy, in obedience to orders from him, might bring about serious political complications, and that any European sovereign who got the Pope into his possession might use him as a cat's-paw for the annoyance of his neighbors. This, as we have before said, is an argument we can all understand and appreciate; but perhaps the very best reply to it is the indifference of all the Catholic monarchs as to where he resides. It is very doubtful whether any Catholic power would object in the least to his taking up his abode in Buckingham Palace or at Potsdam, if he chose to go. In so far as they are troubled at all just now by what is taking place at Rome, they are troubled by his grief and uneasiness rather than by any anxiety as to his probable domicile. All Catholics of high rank in Europe, whether they care anything about Catholicism or not, have an old feudal feeling of attachment to the Pope's person. Reverence for him and his office has been for ages an essential element in Continental gentlemanhood, one of the marks of good birth and breeding, like loyalty to the king; and there are probably thousands in Europe today afflicted by the sight of the old man's troubles who have never been to confession, or perhaps to mass, since their mothers made them take their "first communion," and to whom the ordinary priest is a sorry personage. There is an abundance of this feeling in Austria and Bavaria and amongst the French Legitimists. The great body of the French people are interested in him rather because France has had him under her protection, and because it will never do for France to be foiled by Italy, than because his Holiness is to them anything especially sacred. In the French army there are probably very few officers and men who would give a glass of absinthe for his Holiness's blessing, or who care a rush who holds Rome, provided French honor is safe.

The relations of the Irish patriots to the Holy See form a curious subject of study. The Irish are, perhaps, at this moment—always excepting the Tyrolese—the most pious Catholics in Europe, but, like so many other things about them, their piety almost defies analysis. It seems to have a very large political element in it. They are, for instance, furiously Catholic in their professions and beat even the Tyrolese in outward devotion to their clergy, but this seems to be mainly due to the fact that England is Protestant, for of late years the clergy have been unable to restrain any political movement against England. This seems to lead one to the conclusion that their Catholic zeal is wholly political; but anybody who took this view of it would soon find himself totally mistaken, for he would find that everywhere out of the British Isles they cared nothing for political considerations whatever and all for religious ones. For instance, on the Continent their sympathies have always run with arbitrary power and against liberalism, provided the monarch were a good Catholic. They sided with Austria against Hungary and Italy and Prussia, with the King of Naples against his own subjects, with the Queen of Spain against hers, with the Pope against everybody. There has not been a tyrant, bigot, or oppressor, no matter how cruel or unscrupulous, on the stage of European politics for the last forty years who has not found a thoroughgoing apologist in the Irish Catholic press, except the Emperor of Russia. Poland being Catholic, they have poured out the vials of their wrath on him pretty freely, though they have no special liking for the Poles. To cap the climax, the Irish Catholics no sooner began to be a power in American politics than they threw their weight on the side of slavery, mainly, as we have always believed, owing to the predominance of the Puritan element in the anti-slavery party.

Whether the Pope leave Rome, therefore, or stay in it as a political

dependent of the King of Italy, it would make no essential change in his relations to Catholic nations. In the first place, according to the ecclesiastical doctors themselves, it is not in human power to weaken his authority over the visible Church. Had this doctrine been preached a little less vigorously, doubtless he would now be likely to receive more assistance from the arm of flesh; but his children have been so constantly assured that the gates of hell cannot prevail against him, that they look on at his struggle with the gates in question with unnatural and unflinching calm. In the next place, even if his influence over Catholic nations were greater than it is, any attempt to force him to use it under dictation would produce a prodigious reaction in his favor, and certainly cover his persecutor with confusion. The great and real reason after all for his staying in Rome is that he has always lived there; in the Catholic Church long usage has almost the force of law. Moreover, he is there surrounded by the paraphernalia of his office—his churches, his ruins, his relics, and the vast collections of antiquarian remains of which he has for thirteen hundred years been the faithful guardian. Nobody but a barbarian would ever seek to chase him out of the Vatican or close on him the doors of St. Peter's. The claim the Church doctors make that the Papal territory belongs to the Church by divine right, as property of a peculiarly sacred kind, is, of course, a claim to which a modern politician has no reply to make. In modern society, when a man attempts to tax people or lock them up by virtue of an express commission from the Almighty, there is rarely any attempt made to confute him, either by new or different interpretations, or counter visions and revelations. The received practice now is to knock him down or tie him up and go on one's way; and it is in this fashion that the claimants of "the patrimony of St. Peter" will probably at last find themselves disposed of. But we should nevertheless be sorry to see the Italians ever become ashamed of the Papacy.

The achievements of ancient Rome are a very precious heritage for any nation to possess; but so, let us add, are the achievements of the Catholic Church. We do not mean by this the work she did in Christianizing the barbarians or in keeping the lamp of learning alive in the dark ages, though these were grand things to do. We mean the prodigious example of organizing power, of power of moral rule, which the Italian race through her has displayed. Italians are just now somewhat in disrepute. The affairs of the new kingdom are not going well. The great statesmen who brought about Italian independence have perished untimely, and their survivors have been displaying in these latter days enthusiasm rather than judgment, zeal rather than knowledge, the virtues of agitators and dreamers rather than those of soldiers and politicians. But to all doubters and sneerers at Italian capacity for government, Italians need no better reply than to point to the Papacy which so many of them at this moment regard as at once their enemy and their shame. There has never been in the world a more extraordinary example of what may be done by pure mind and pure will than the Church affords; and it ought not to be forgotten that the men who built the Church up as an organization, who framed its body of law, who spread the network of its rule over the earth, who have perpetuated it to this hour, and who supply its emissaries with the energy which throbs even more fiercely along the outer verge of civilization than it does in Rome itself, are and have always been Italians. In the Church, in fact, Italy may be said to have for a second time conquered the world.

COMPULSORY HYGIENE.

THERE are some symptoms of reaction in England in the matter of athletic exercises. Mr. Charles Roundell, a fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who has himself been a boating man of some eminence, has recently testified before the Parliamentary Commission that in his opinion athletic pursuits at the great universities are becoming a "nuisance" and are interfering sadly with study; that the prevailing addiction to them, moreover, has made proficiency in them, in the estimation of the undergraduates, the highest kind of merit, scholastic excellence only secondary, and, in fact, when not combined with physical power, in some degree contemptible. There are various other symptoms that, in the eyes of all the more thoughtful of the younger men, the muscular régime is undergoing nearly as great a decline as it has undergone in Mr. Roundell's, and it is not impossible that should the movement now in progress to throw the universities open

to a poorer class of students than those who at present frequent them be successful, a much smaller proportion of the undergraduates would be interested in athletic sports, and they would become in a greater degree than at present the amusement of the rich and ostentatiously idle. That they will ever cease to hold a high place in the estimation of a large mass of young Englishmen as long as the English social organization is what it is, and the English upper classes able to extract as much enjoyment out of country life as they now do, is very unlikely. But they may very readily get to be ostentatiously eschewed, as they have been in times past, by young men who have their own way to make in the world, who are fond of study, and who want to take a high place as scholars. In fact, it is easy to see how very readily pale faces, thin fingers, bright eyes, "midnight oil," and "frail tenements" for lofty spirits might once more become as fashionable amongst students as they were fifty years ago and less.

In this country the danger of such a reaction is even greater than in England. There has during the last seven or eight years been a great rage amongst us for "physical culture." The "professors of hygiene," both the light and heavy weights, have had a royal time. The magazines have been deluged with discourses upon the dignity of the body, and the duty of keeping it in good condition. Gymnasias and bowling-alleys were, in the first fever of the enthusiasm, opened at some of the colleges, where not very many years ago such appendages would have been considered snares set by Satan for the unwary. Even private families in the country towns took to bowling as a useful amusement. A passion for skating too spread, especially amongst young women, resulting not only in great benefit to their health, but in the production of some very sweet things in boots and petticoats. Some games, such as base-ball and cricket and boat-racing, have received an impetus which they have not yet lost, and perhaps will not lose, amongst a large class of young men.

There are now, nevertheless, symptoms of a reaction. The skating fever has unquestionably subsided. Horseback exercise in this city has decidedly fallen off, and we venture to say has fallen off too in those country towns in which ten years ago it was prevalent. Large numbers of bowling-alleys have been converted into lumber, and we fear the regular *habitués* of the college gymnasias might be counted on one's fingers. The "light gymnastics" still hold their own, but it is mainly amongst children, who have to take them as part of their school training. The attempts of the professors to get adults to take "rhythmic drill" have not generally been successful. Boating continues at one or two colleges, but not over ten per cent., if so many, of any one class take part in it. There are, it is true, in most of the colleges a set of young men who, though not specially interested in their general health, are interested in their muscular development, and who feel the flexors and extensors of their arms from day to day with considerable solicitude. But, on the whole, we think it may be said that "physical culture" is losing ground amongst us, although we do not mean to say that we are at all likely to fall back to the point at which the late rage for it found us.

There are, however, special reasons why in American colleges it should not be left to individual taste or inclination. There is in Mr. A. D. White's report on the Cornell University a hint about compulsory gymnastics as part of a regular college training which is well worthy of serious consideration. The reproach levelled by the "Goths" against the "Classicists," that with all their fondness for the ancient world they have neglected to imitate its appreciation of gymnastics, is legitimate enough. Whether we look at the universities, as the Goths look at them, as places in which young men ought to learn a money-making trade; or, as the Classicists look at them, as places in which young men are to get general cultivation of their minds, the value of physical culture as part of a course of training for active life is equally undeniable. It is not in the least necessary for a young man's success in life that he should be able to pull a certain number of strokes to the minute in a boat, or to "put up" a hundred pounds weight of dumb-bell, or to trot seven miles an hour, but it is necessary, in order that college training should be of any real service to him, that he have a good digestion. The theory of the value of great muscular power to general efficiency in life, which the Muscular Christians preached with some success for a good many years, has been completely upset by the now well-recognized doctrine, that, for practical purposes, the condition of the internal organs, the heart, lungs, and stomach, is the important matter, and that, unless these are strong and well developed, a man with immense lifting or boxing or walking power may be a mere weed. And it is well known that a man may be capable of great exertion of muscular strength on "a spurt" without having these organs by any means well developed. It is the condition of the internal viscera, too, rather than of the external muscle, which seems to affect character, in so far as character can be affected

by the body at all. The pugilist has been held in low repute morally from the very earliest days as a man on whom little dependence could be placed in circumstances calling for prolonged display of courage and fortitude—a striking illustration of the small moral value of “training,” although in our day a great deal is claimed for it under this head by boating men and even by the patrons of the P. R. They tell us that it gives young men an invaluable lesson in temperance, chastity, self-control, and other cognate virtues. It is a curious and instructive fact that the one man whom Xenophon held up to execration, by name, as a skulker and coward and marauder, during the retreat of the Ten Thousand, was a distinguished Thessalian pugilist—and this in an age when pugilists occupied a very respectable social position.

Although, therefore, the acquisition of muscle by a young man may do nothing either for his health or character or worldly prospects, it is certain as anything of the kind can be that all three of them depend largely on the state of his digestion. There is hardly a doubt that there is no walk in life in which, other things being equal, the prizes are not won by the man who has the best stomach. He is pretty sure to have the clearest head, the strongest hope, the greatest fortitude, most power of sustained labor, and most elasticity under reverses. He is pretty sure, too, to have most power of acquisition. It must be remembered that we have said “other things being equal.” No facility in digesting food will, of course, put a blockhead on a level with a man of talent, or a constitutional slug-gard on a level with a conscientious and pertinacious drudge. But the rule is sufficiently near accuracy for educational purposes, and it is from the point of view of collegiate training that we are talking of it. Moreover, we do not put forward these views with regard to digestion as something novel and original. They are now tolerably trite, and may be found set forth with great abundance of illustration and ornament in some hundreds of magazine articles, “student’s guides,” and lectures on “hygiene” and physical culture. We reiterate them simply for the purpose of suggesting the query whether colleges are any more justified in giving a degree to a man who neglects his health than to a man who neglects his studies; whether, success in the acquisition of knowledge and in all professional careers depending so largely on health, and health depending so largely on exercise, the taking of exercise should be left optional with students, any more than their acquisition of a certain amount of Greek or Latin or mathematics. We suspect it would be rather more difficult for a professor to show a young man the connection between the ability to translate Homer and success in life, than between daily practice in the gymnasium and success in life.

There remains of course the difficult question of deciding how physical exercise could be made a part of a college course; how a college faculty could exact a good digestion of students as a qualification for a degree; in what way allowance could be made for constitutional and irremediable delicacy. It would hardly do to serve out rations of tough beefsteak or salt pork to the graduating class, and watch the effect upon them during the ensuing twenty-four hours. Of course anything so novel presents at the outset a great many difficulties of detail, and it would be easy enough to conjure up a long string of very amusing ones. But, however troublesome it might be to enforce a regulation requiring students to keep well, there would be no more difficulty in compelling them to take a certain amount of physical exercise every day than there is in compelling West Point cadets to learn to drill or ride on horseback. There is a wide-spread belief, which the professors of hygiene have done much to foster, that in order for exercise to have a good effect on the digestion, it must be voluntary and must be agreeable in its nature—must, for instance, be taken in pleasing society, or in fine scenery, or to the sound of inspiring music. Of course, exercise taken under such circumstances is likely to be more beneficial than exercise taken as a task; but it is a great mistake to suppose that exercise taken as a task is not beneficial at all. Nearly all the hard physical labor of the world is done as detestable drudgery. Most of it, too, is very inadequately rewarded, and is uncheered by much hope or imagination; and yet the men who do it, if not overtaken and decently fed, are nearly all healthy and can digest anything. Hod-carrying is perhaps the most repulsive and monotonous kind of paid labor; and yet hod-carriers do not know what dyspepsia is, and can sleep at any hour and in any posture. A walk or a solitary ride on horseback, taken as a “constitutional,” is commonly spoken of as something intolerable; but a man who was forced to take one every day would unquestionably be a more valuable man, and enjoy more happiness on the whole, than a man who, needing it equally and finding it equally repulsive, did not take it. Most young men find all college exercises repulsive, and hate to have their minds “disciplined” through Greek or Latin or mathematics; but it is not generally

acknowledged by professors that the disagreeableness of the process in any appreciable degree lessens the value of the discipline.

As matters stand, both gymnasia and lectures on physical culture, as long as exercise is left optional, are in nine cases out of ten useless. Labor of body is, to nearly all young men, nearly as repulsive as labor of mind. To those on whom sedentary habits are firmly fixed, regular exercise is ten-fold more repulsive than study. The more muscles need use, the more they recoil from it. Exertion is to nobody so dreadful as to the dyspeptic; so that, unless it is made compulsory, physical culture is not very likely to play a great part for any length of time in any place of education. The present rage for developing muscle, and producing the faculty of making great exertions for a short period, is practically worthless, has led to nothing, and will lead to nothing. It produces no permanent effect on the health; those who are most affected by it are, before they begin to develop muscle at all, the strongest and healthiest of their class, and are apt to be the least studious. Their number, too, is very small, and their example powerless.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, October 18, 1867.

A VERY curious lawsuit, that has been pending for over thirty years, between the crown and a private individual, has just been terminated by a verdict in favor of the latter, a Mademoiselle Pallix, who, after an heroic struggle, during which she has employed her last cent in the defence of her rights, now finds herself repaid for all her efforts and anxieties by the possession of property worth a million and a half of francs.

It appears that, in 1833, Flora Hyacinth Pallix, who supported herself by teaching the harp in this city, inherited through the death of her father, George Pallix, money-changer, the famous lawsuit in question, dating from the middle of last century, and growing out of a contested claim to a portion of the shore in the neighborhood—equally rich in natural beauty and in historic and traditional associations—of the abbey fortress so well known in the religious and political struggles of the Middle Ages as “Mount Saint Michael in Peril of the Sea.”

The fame of Mount Saint Michael dates from the earliest ages of the Christian faith. It is a steep, rocky hill, surrounded by the sea at every tide, and accessible only by a single winding pathway cut in the substance of the rock; on the top of the elevation is the village, and above the village the fortified abbey with its magnificent cathedral—one of the wonders of old French architecture—its splendid library and unrivalled views, and its terrible dungeons. In ancient times the jurisdiction of the abbey extended far and wide over the adjacent shores, flat and shallow, which are left bare for miles by the receding tide. Immense lines of dyke meet the eye in every direction, enabling the patient industry of the people to reclaim large portions of the shore thus protected from the sea. Occasionally, however, the sea breaks through the dykes, destroys in an hour the work of years, and spreads ruin among the peasantry. The vast extent of sands lying round the Mount is constantly traversed by the people of the region; but no trace of roads is visible. The sea twice a day obliterates all sign of travel, hollows out new channels for the streams that flow into the bay, and leaves shifting patches of quicksands, all the more dangerous that their position is constantly changing, which have swallowed up, in the course of ages, a goodly army of men and beasts. The region is subject, moreover, to a visitation of heavy sea-fogs, frequently fatal to travellers who, losing their way, are unable to get across the bay before they are overtaken by the returning tide; to certain species of mirage; and to various striking atmospheric effects. In the olden time it was the scene of many battles, and the possession of the Mount was hotly contested on many occasions by the English and French. The monks were stout soldiers, and handled the pike and the culverin with all the skill and zeal of experienced warriors. The fishermen and seaweed-gatherers are always busy there; but even at this day the number who perish on these formidable sands is considerable. No part of France is richer in legends—wild, pathetic, terrible—than the neighborhood of the Mount Saint Michael.

The lawsuit which constituted the sole bequest of the old money-changer to his daughter was begun by the heirs of a certain Quinette de la Hogue, who had succeeded in obtaining, in 1754, a grant of all the shore about the Mount. This grant roused a violent opposition on the part of the monks of the Mount, of the various seignorial families of the region, and of the peasants of the entire country-side, all of whom had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to pasture their sheep and cattle on the waste lands in question, and to gather along its edges the seaweed which constitutes, when burned, the favorite manure of Normandy, and was then, as now, an important item of the exports of the region. The dispute was terminated

by a legal decision of the Parliament of Paris declaring that the shores of France belonged solely to the king, who could dispose of them at his pleasure. But the local opposition to what was regarded as a shameful piece of favoritism was far from being quelled by this decision. The Parliament of Normandy refused to register the royal deed giving the ownership of the shore in question to Quinette de la Hogue, and a decree of the first Napoleon, in 1805, annulled the original grant as "having been obtained by illicit means," and restricted the claim of the Quinette family to a certain specified extent of the shore as an indemnity.

But this concession proved the ruin of the Quinettes. Not only were they to enter upon an interminable series of lawsuits to enforce their claims, but the grant of indemnity had been saddled with a clause providing that they should construct a dyke to protect certain portions of the land granted to them against the inroads of the sea, and should cultivate others believed to be safe from the action of that capricious and dangerous foe. As the Normans are born with a genius for legal quibbles and a passion for lawsuits, and as the line of the sea is never the same for a fortnight together on the curious shore in question, the Quinettes could never succeed in making good their position against either. In 1793 the people of the region rose against the Quinettes, took forcible possession of the land claimed by them, and divided it among themselves. In 1796 the Quinettes succeeded in obtaining the protection of General Hoche, who was then in command of "the army of the shores of the ocean," and four hundred acres of the contested soil were assigned to the Quinettes on a payment of five francs per acre.

But their troubles were by no means over, the people of the region using every method of annoying and injuring them, and trespassing incessantly on their property. In 1803 an order of the minister of justice reaffirmed their rights, and granted them the ownership of all the shores not already cultivated by other parties, but on condition that they turned back into its original bed the most dangerous of all the rivers that empty themselves into St. Michael's Bay—the Couesnon—whose capricious wanderings threatened the dykes and endangered the existence of the arable land they protect. In order to execute these costly works, the Quinettes came to Paris to find the necessary funds. This they accomplished by the sale of certain portions of the land granted to them; Pallix being one of the parties to the transaction, and thus acquiring the title to eleven hundred acres ("to be chosen by him, at his pleasure, among the shore-lands and banks of the sea around St. Michael's Mount"), which have been the object of incessant litigation up to the present time. The Quinettes, however, failed to execute their contracts by the specified time, and the crown resumed possession of the entire grant, "reserving the rights of any *bonâ fide* claimants."

Pallix now claimed the eleven hundred acres purchased by him of the Quinettes. The crown contested his title; but in 1835 the Tribunal of the Seine declared it to be valid, coupling its recognition of his title with a demand for the payment of 270,000frs. still remaining unpaid upon the purchase. In order to set aside this demand, it was necessary for Mlle. Pallix to pay within twenty days a registration fee of 21,000frs. The young lady not being able to furnish this sum within the legal delay, was then called upon to pay the double fee of 42,000frs. The energetic efforts of Mlle. Pallix succeeded at length in obtaining the remission of the double fee, and the sentence of the Tribunal of the Seine was duly signified to the council of the crown domains. The latter declared its willingness to put the heiress in possession of her rights, and sent a commission to Mount Saint Michael to proceed to the giving up of the lands. But the sea had been busy; many of the portions claimed had disappeared, and only 143 acres were offered to Mlle. Pallix. But she, strong in her title, demanded the entire amount to which she laid claim, and set an army of work-people to dig a deep ditch round the portion of ground which, according to the terms of the deed, she was entitled to "choose at pleasure among the shores" of the bay. Unable to complete the sum promised by her father to the Quinettes, the original claim to 1,100 acres was reduced to 561 acres, and this quantity of land she took and enclosed.

The crown, about this time, farmed out to a company the right of making dykes on the shores of St. Michael's Mount, one provision of the grant being the assumption by the new company of all the lawsuits then pending against the domain of the crown. But Mlle. Pallix refused to accept this substitution, and continued to sue the crown, whose administrators no longer replied to her summons; and it is only after a series of efforts on her part, the account of which reads like a romance, that the penniless heiress has succeeded in obtaining against the crown the definitive verdict which enables her to take actual possession of her property, gives her damages for delays and retention of her property, which, since the verdict in her favor

of 1861, now amount to 460,000frs., and renders her *bonâ fide* mistress of the lands of her choice. These being mostly rich pasturages in excellent condition, are worth, as already stated, a million and a half of francs. The obscure and friendless orphan who has passed the prime of her life in battling for her rights may now, if so minded, buy the hand of a needy duke or prince of half her years, and find herself on the threshold of old age surrounded by all the luxury and adulation which may so easily be purchased in this country with the half of her actual fortune.

GARIBALDI'S POSITION.

FLORENCE, October 9, 1867.

THE Roman question, which now occupies the mind of Europe, presented itself to Italians under very different aspects before and after the convention of September, 1864. Previous to that contract stipulated with France the King of Italy and his Government had, by their acceptance of the *plebiscite* of 1860, pledged themselves to the completion of Italian unity, with Rome for the capital. By that treaty they renounced Rome and fixed on Florence as the capital. Previously, the Government was perfectly justified in preventing Garibaldi from marching on Rome, and did so hinder him on the mountains of Aspromonte; its crime on that occasion was to have fired on him unnecessarily. Surrounded by 20,000 men, Garibaldi, who shrinks from shedding Italian blood, would have been compelled to renounce his enterprise; hence the rifle bullet that maimed him for life was, we repeat, *de trop*; but from a legal point of view the opposition of the Government to individual initiative was perfectly legitimate. But after the convention, the Government having failed in its compact with the people of Italy, binding itself by a later compact with France to *not* crown national unity with Rome, the right of individual initiative reverts to its original possessors, and Garibaldi, the representative of the people, reappears to claim it.

Six months after the exit of the French troops from Rome, Garibaldi in fact abandoned Caprera and came to the Continent to feel the pulse of the nation, to prevent the realization of certain reactionary schemes which the Government, supported by the Papists, was preparing to put into execution. You will remember that in February the Ricasoli cabinet had presented a bill which, taxing ecclesiastical property to the amount of six hundred millions, left the clergy sole proprietors of the remainder; and, in order to ensure their undisturbed possession of the same, obliged them to transmute their landed estates into personal property to be administered by the bishops, thus perpetuating a formidable ecclesiastical oligarchy whose rule over human consciences would be vastly increased by the material means ensured. That bill, moreover, freed the Holy See from all obligations to the state both in the nomination of bishops and in the relations between those bishops and that state. Had that bill passed, not only would it have been impossible for Rome ever to become the capital of Italy, but it was clear that the Catholic Church, restored to its ancient omnipotence by the increase of its property, by the preponderance of its bishoprics, by its absolute independence of the state, would have fomented civil war from one end to the other of the peninsula—plunged Italy into the anarchy of the Middle Ages.

Garibaldi arrived in Florence just as Ricasoli had dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, which had with one voice rejected his bill, and just as clerical reaction was at its height. Visiting for the first time the Venetian provinces, he commenced his crusade against priests and papacy in the midst of populations which, ever since 1850, had been infested with *Paolotism*, and was welcomed by them with a frenzied passion which at times seemed akin to delirium. Meanwhile, the new elections proving unfavorable to Ricasoli, for this and other reasons he resigned, and was succeeded by the Ratazzian cabinet, a change which produced a singular alteration in the mutual position of parties in the House as soon as the premier—leaving his financial minister, Ferrara, and his ecclesiastical bill in the lurch—accepted the counter project proposed by the Chamber, which, with slight modifications, became law. To the Left or opposition, composed of whilom members of the party of action, Ratazzi held out the olive branch; they accepted it, and in return for their support it was agreed that their leaders should have their due share of the "portfolios." But before Crispi could take his seat as Minister of the Interior Garibaldi must be induced to return to Caprera, must be persuaded that Marsala expeditions were gone out of fashion, and that diplomacy could alone cut the Gordian knot. But Garibaldi turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and replied: "To Rome! To Rome! Rome is the capital of Italy. Italy must enter that capital. The government may have renounced it; the nation stands firm. To Rome!" On this all the Roman exiles clustered round him; committees of all hues and colors

within Rome were fused in *one*, and established direct communication with him; the languishing conspiracy was revived; money and arms were collected and sent; the Italian press discussed; Garibaldi left Lombardy and Venetia for Tuscany; sped from city to city along the Roman frontier; harangued the populations on "priests, papacy, and black vomit from which Italy must be purged"; and at Orvieto garrison and populace re-echoed his cry, "To Rome! To Rome!" Thus the old question of Rome became once more the question of the day. The Left, foreseeing the possibility of a second Aspromonte, declined the seats in the cabinet then pressed on them, remained friends with Ratazzi, and exhausted every effort to induce Garibaldi to desist from his enterprise. Finding their efforts vain, they commenced indirect opposition to the movement by attempting to fix the eyes of the nation on internal reforms and organization. With one or two exceptions all the opposition members kept aloof from their old general, hoping that, on finding himself deserted by his best officers, he would return in dudgeon to Caprera. Garibaldi did not even appear to be conscious of their tactics. When he came across them he was courteous and cordial as ever; when he spoke of them by chance no resentment appeared. Whether he felt that he could do without them, or thought, "Let 'em alone, and they 'll come home," he alone knows; certain it is that he went on with his organization as placidly and uninterruptedly as in the old Neapolitan days when Crispi and his followers were at his feet. On this the Left condescended to negotiate, and Garibaldi conceded that insurrection in Rome should precede any armed invasion from the free states; and the Left, believing what one of their members had publicly affirmed, that syrup instead of blood circulated in Roman veins, trusted that for the time being the "Question" was sent to the Greek Kalends. But Garibaldi, in order to effect a chemical transformation of the circulating syrup, inundated the provinces with young, thoroughbred scions of the old Marsala breed, in whose veins there was blood, and the last hopes of the Left abandoned them. Meanwhile, General Dumont, by order of the French Minister of War, arrived in Rome to recognize the Antibes legion; to remind the members thereof that they were French soldiers and citizens, entitled to French protection and rewards, amenable to French laws and punishments. Then followed Niel's letter confirming all that Dumont had said, and setting the Imperial signet thereunto. On this open and flagrant violation of the convention of September, the *Riforma*, organ of the Left, thus addressed the Government: "The convention no longer exists; you are free; act as the interests and honor of Italy bid you act." But the Government had no intention of following this wise advice; and the Left, instead of insisting on Garibaldi's being allowed to proceed with his work, or on the Government taking it out of his hands and doing it for him, dropped its voice several notes and felt "assured that the Government would deal firmly and with dignity with the convention-violating France."

The ministry, which never yet had dared to be either firm or dignified with the French Emperor, watched with ever-increasing terror Garibaldi's movements; the concentration of the Garibaldian element; the generally increasing agitation; 40,000 troops were *écheloned* along the frontier; and Garibaldi, not unmindful of the story of Aspromonte, made a strategical movement on Geneva. "So!" said the Government and the leaders of the Left, "Garibaldi is convinced at last that the 'syrup' admits of no chemical combination, and, disheartened and indignant, he has postponed his enterprise and is going to pour out his delusions and aspirations at the Peace Congress." For three days Ratazzi breathed freely, and the Left returned to their dreams of ambition. Garibaldi at Geneva merely rehearsed his usual part, "Papacy must be annihilated;" "Slaves have the right to make war on their tyrants;" then by the precise *diligence*, on the very day and hour that he had fixed before quitting Italy, he recrossed the Simplon, and on the

29th reappeared in Florence. Strange to say, all his best men had crossed the frontier during his absence, and on the 23d he convoked his "friends" at Arezzo to listen to the first report from the "Romans." On the eve of the 21st appeared the official "warning"; he was besides privately assured that he would be arrested if he attempted to cross the frontier. On the 22d he left Florence with but three friends, leaving everything organized, and allowing none of the leaders of the future movement to travel with him. On the same day he reached Arezzo, where, as we learned later, orders were issued for his arrest; but, surrounded as he was by the entire populace, the prefect telegraphed "impossible." On the following day he was arrested in bed at Sinalunga, a village of some 1,200 inhabitants. He did not expect this measure, seeing that he had as yet violated no law, was yet fifty miles from the frontier, and was as a deputy inviolable; but as far as I can judge from his demeanor he considered his personal presence as of little consequence. "Was not Menotti at his post, and Deputies Acerbi, Cucchi, Cairolì, Miele, Nicotera, Cadolini, Carbonelli, Fabbuzzi—had they not all 'come home,' leaving at the eleventh hour their diplomatic chieftain in the lurch?"

Be that as it may, he was conveyed to Alessandria, let fly from the train a proclamation calling on the Romans to assert the right of slaves, on the Italians to help them even though fifty Garibaldis should be arrested. When the news spread—and it was carefully concealed for twelve hours—Italy was convulsed: but that everywhere the troops refused to fire on the people and the people naturally enough refrained from offending the troops, we should have had the September massacres repeated in Milan and Florence, Turin, Bologna, Naples, and Genoa. The garrison of Alessandria, *i. e.*, the 41st and 42d regiments and the *corps franco*, assembling under his windows, shouted "Release Garibaldi," "To Rome with Garibaldi." He could have marched out of Alessandria at the head of these troops—the Government itself does not deny this—but he preached, instead, discipline and order, and took the advice of "certain friends," who informed him that his imprisonment would be fatal to the Roman insurrection, whereas if he chose to go to Caprera he could do so, free and without condition, and that a steamer would be sent immediately to reconduct him to the Continent. He consented, went to Caprera, and on attempting to return to the Continent by the mail steamer was seized by the Government steamer *Sesia* and conveyed back to Caprera, where he is now kept prisoner and guarded night and day by four men-of-war and innumerable gunboats. These are the facts briefly stated. Who the "friends" were that induced him to quit Alessandria matters little. His son and all the seceding deputies as soon as they heard of the mission went to prevent its effectuation—too late. Let us hope that the "friends" were deceived, and not deceivers at any rate, the service that they rendered to Ratazzi was such as "the opposition" has never yet rendered to a Government before. Had troops and populace combined—and we have proofs that in Turin as in Alessandria, in Florence as in Turin, they meant so to do—where now would be the cabinet of Palazzo Pitti?

The *Riforma* has at length opened a subscription for the insurrection. The *Opinione Nazionale*, Ratazzi's own organ, says piteously: "We did what we could to prevent any violation of our international compact; if the frontier was too long, and the volunteers too cunning, and our troops too few, how could we help the Garibaldians getting in?"

The Cable will bring you the upshot of the whole affair long before this letter reaches New York. I am assured at this moment that the Italian regular troops are to cross the frontier to-day. The only question that remains to be solved is, Are they to guard the city of Rome against the volunteers and insurgents for his Holiness, and will they be able to do this without coming to blows?

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Total amount of Marine Premiums \$10,470,246 41

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Premium Notes and Bills Receivable 3,837,735 41

Cash in Bank 494,207 81

Total Amount of Assets \$12,536,304 40

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22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lina,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heimann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philauder M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
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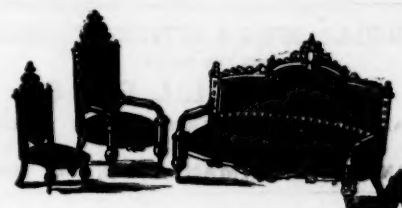
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OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

of the President and members of the International Jury
on Musical Instruments is annexed:

PARIS, July 30, 1867.

I certify that the First Gold Medal for American Pianos
has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway by
the Jury of the International Exposition.

First on the list in Class X.

MELINET,
President of International Jury.

GEORGE KASTNER,
AMBROISE THOMAS,
ED. HANSLICK,
F. A. GEVAERT,
J. SCHIEDMAYER,

Members
of the
International Jury.

The original certificate, together with "the official catalogue of awards," in which the name of STEINWAY & SONS is recorded first on the list, can be seen at their WAREHOUSES, FIRST FLOOR OF STEINWAY HALL, new numbers 109 and 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

